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APRIL,

1882.



LAUBERBACH-SC-PHILA.

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A CRABBED CREATURE.



That nature cares for and entertains her own has become an established fact to all observers. Who does not love the sound of the brightly scintillating waves leaping from the phosphorescent sea, as they break against the rocks in the summer night until Nature herself, weary of the operation, turns the sounding surf towards the opposite shore, leaving stranded some badly-mutilated snail, which wanders solemnly on, Bohemian fashion—with all its worldly store upon its back. On the same beach may be found our crustacean edible—the crab—whose chief apology for existing at all seems to be its ability to furnish a delectable meal to fortunate bipeds. The crab being covered with a hard, impenetrable shell, it is not easy to molest or make him afraid; therefore he wages war in his watery world unceasingly when once attacked. Although tiny, he cannot be said to be devoid of understanding, having ten legs to assist his locomotion; this, however, avails him little, for, when conquered, he never turns his back to his enemy, starting into a bold run, but, like many politicians during election time, slips off sideways. There comes a time in the life of this pugnacious fellow when the years bring him more bone and muscle than he can dispose of with comfort, and he finds himself in a very tight place; his shoes pinch him and he begins to realize the practicability of applying to Dame Nature for more room or a house in proportion to his increasing size. Nature slowly responds to the call; but in her own good time provides a new home, so that the enterprising little creature does not wander about homeless, but is provided for suitably, as was the old sailor, who dropped his rheumatism and crabbedness when he applied the Great German Remedy, **ST. JACOBS OIL**. This last, however, may sound rather fishy to the skeptical reader, and to such we would reply in language too plain to be misunderstood—in words illustrating facts that even the waves of time cannot wash away or scaly epithets affect. **ST. JACOBS OIL** to-day has rendered the lives and homes of myriads of sufferers brighter than ever the electric light can, which people pause to admire along the way. Still more happily served than the old sailor was an invalid, who wrote thus concerning his case:

"CROOKED HAERTEL."

Accept a thousand thanks for that "golden remedy." I suffered for many years with rheumatic pain in my limbs. My legs were drawn together, and people called me "Crooked Haertel." I used **ST. JACOBS OIL** and was cured, and now feel so well that I think I could dance, as in my young days. **JOHN HAERTEL, Fremont, Ill.**



Columbia Bicycle.

The permanence of the Bicycle as a practical road-vehicle is an acknowledged fact, and thousands of riders are daily enjoying the delightful and health-giving exercise. The "Columbia" are carefully finished in every particular and are confidently guaranteed as the best value for the money attained in a Bicycle. Send 3-cent stamp for new, elegantly-illustrated, 36-page catalogue.

THE POPE M'Y'g Co.,
553 Washington St.,
Boston, Mass.

GRAEFENBERG,

An infallible remedy for all **FEMALE COMPLAINTS** price \$1.50 per bottle. **CURES WEAKNESS, NERVOUSNESS and GENERAL DEBILITY.**

This remarkable preparation is the only reliable remedy for the distressing diseases of women. Sold by Druggists.

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—THE—

AUTOMATIC

OR "NO TENSION" SEWING MACHINE,

Ladies careful of Health and appreciating the Best will now have no other.

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Philadelphia, 1437 Chestnut St.

FASHIONS FOR APRIL, 1882:

Prepared expressly for ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE, by THE BUTTERICK PUBLISHING CO. [Limited].

FIGURE NO. 1.—LADIES' HOUSE DRESS.

FIGURE NO. 1.
—Plain and figured goods are the materials represented in the engraving, which illustrates a costume noticeable for simplicity and beauty, and consisting of a polonaise and skirt. The skirt is four-gored, and is of fashionable walking length. The gores are fitted by darts over the hips, while the back is gathered before being sewed to the belt. Shirr-strings are inserted in a casing half way from the bottom, adjusting the fullness as desired. The gores are covered with deep box-plaitings of the figured goods, alternating with narrow knife-plaitings of the plain; while the lower part of the breadth is concealed under a deep side-plaiting of the figured fabric.

The fronts of the polonaise extend in pointed outline a short distance below the waist, turn under in hems and close their entire length with button-holes and buttons. Two bust darts in each side of the front, together with side-backs reaching to the arms'-eyes, and a curving seam down the center of the back, complete the adjustment. The back extends the full length of the polonaise, the fullness below the waist-line being

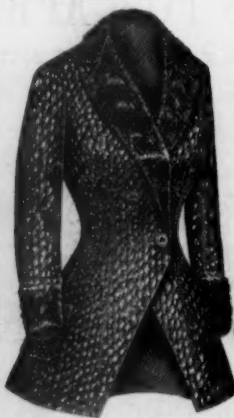


FIGURE NO. 1.—LADIES' HOUSE DRESS.

elegantly disposed in a double box-plait underneath. The side-back, like the fronts, extends but a short distance below the waist-line, the necessary length being provided by an attached drapery-portion at each side. The upper edge of this drapery is sewed to the lower edges of the body as far as the second dart in the front, and the free portions are carried backward and caught at the upper edges to the ends of the side-back seams, the ends being tied behind in a knot which is tacked to the back. The coat-shaped sleeve is finished at the wrist with piping and buttons and a deep frill of lace, and a rounding military collar, inside of which is a lace frill, encircles the neck, a frill of lace being also added down the closing edges as far as the waist-line. The decorations are finished by facing the reversed portions of the drapery with the plain material.

All varieties of dress fabrics may be made up by this pattern, singly or combined; and a decoration to suit the fancy may be used. A neat lapel collar is with the pattern, but omitted here. The pattern is No. 7946, and is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28

to 46 inches, bust measure, and costs 35 cents.

**7959***Front View.***7964****LADIES' COAT.**

No. 7964.—Fancy coating is the material shown in this engraving, and plush forms the cuffs, pocket-laps, collar and lapel-facings. The pattern is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. For a lady of medium size, it will need $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards of material 22 inches wide, or $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of goods 48 inches wide. Price, 30 cents.

**7959***Back View.***LADIES' COSTUME.**

No. 7959.—Beauty and convenience receive equal consideration in the construction of this costume. Plain and striped goods are here represented, and the pattern is admirable for this or any other combination. The pattern is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. For a lady of medium size, it will require $6\frac{1}{2}$ yards of plain goods and 5 yards of striped material 22 inches wide, or $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of plain and $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of striped 48 inches wide, together with $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of lining 36 inches wide. Price of pattern, 40 cents.

**7991***Front View.***7991***Back View.***BOYS' SACK COAT.**

No. 7991.—This coat is pictured as made of a diagonal suiting. The pattern is in 8 sizes for boys from 3 to 10 years of age. In making the coat for a boy of 7 years, $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of goods 27 inches wide will suffice. Price, 20 cents.

**7987****BOYS' SINGLE-BREASTED VEST.**

No. 7987.—This pattern is in 8 sizes for boys from 3 to 10 years. The vest, for a boy of 7 years, needs $\frac{1}{2}$ yard 27 inches wide, with $\frac{1}{4}$ yard of Sillesia 36 inches wide for the back. Price, 15 cents.

**7990***Front View.***7990***Back View.***BOYS' COAT.**

No. 7990.—This coat is made of navy-blue suiting. The pattern is in 9 sizes for boys from 7 to 15 years of age. In making the coat for a boy of 12 years, it needs $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of goods 27 inches wide. Price of pattern, 25 cts.

**7960***Back View.***7975****LADIES' COAT.**

No. 7975.—This stylish coat is made of brocade dress goods. The pattern is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. For a lady of medium size, it requires 4 yards of material 22 inches wide, or 2 yards of goods 48 inches wide. Price of pattern, 30 cents.

**7960***Front View.***LADIES' COSTUME.**

No. 7960.—This costume presents a novel and charming effect as here developed in camel's-hair and Roman-striped goods. The pattern is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 48 inches, bust measure. In making the costume for a lady of medium size, 12½ yards of plain goods and 2½ yards of striped 22 inches wide, or 6 yards of plain and 1½ yard of striped 48 inches wide, are needed. Price, 40 cents.

**7994***Front View.***7991***Back View.***7989****BOYS' SINGLE-BREADED VEST.**

No. 7989.—This pattern is in 9 sizes for boys from 7 to 15 years old, and needs ¾ yard 27 inches wide, with ½ yard of Sillesia, for a boy of 12 years. Price, 15 cents.

**7997***Front View.***7997***Back View.***BOYS' PLAITED BLOUSE.**

No. 7997.—This model for a blouse is in 8 sizes for boys from 3 to 10 years of age. It will require 2½ yards of material 27 inches wide for a boy of 7 years. Price of pattern, 25 cents.



7993

Front View.

7993

Back View.

**BOYS' JACKET,
WITH SAILOR
COLLAR.**

No. 7993.—This pattern is in 8 sizes for boys from 3 to 10 years old. For a boy of 7 years, it requires $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of goods 27 inches wide. Price of pattern, 20 cents.



7986

Front View.

FIGURE NO. 2.—MISSSES' COSTUME.

FIGURE NO. 2.—Cashmere is the material used in the construction. The dress is a pretty style for cotton and light woollen dress goods of all varieties and may be decorated in accordance with the material selected. The pattern to the dress is No. 7606, and is in 8 sizes for misses from 8 to 15 years of age, and costs 25 cents.

The material used in the jacket is a fancy cloth of mixed gray, and braid and buttons form the trimming accessories. The pattern to the jacket is No. 7961, and is in 8 sizes for misses from 8 to 15 years of age, and costs 25 cents.

BOYS' JACKET, WITH KILTED SKIRT.

No. 7986.—A jaunty and becoming jacket is represented in these engravings. It is here developed in navy-blue serge and finished with braid bindings. The pattern is in 5 sizes for boys from 3 to 7 years of age. For a boy of 6 years, it will need $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of material 27 inches wide. Price of pattern, 25 cents.



7995

Front View.

7995

Back View.

**BOYS' BOX-PLAITED
BLOUSE, WITH
SAILOR COLLAR.**

No. 7995.—The pattern to this blouse is in 8 sizes for boys from 3 to 10 years of age. For a boy of 8 years, it will require $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards of material 27 inches wide. Price of pattern, 25 cents.



7986

Back View.

**7981***Front View.***7981***Back View.***CHILD'S COSTUME.**

No. 7981.—This pattern will be equally popular for tiny boys and girls. It is in 5 sizes for children from 2 to 6 years of age. For a child of 4 years, $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of material 22 inches wide will suffice. Price of pattern, 25 cents.

**7998****7998***Front View. Back View.***BOYS' KNEE PANTS.**

No. 7998.—These pants are made of a diagonal suiting of a gray and black, and the outside leg-seam is finished with a machine-stitched welt. To make the garment for a boy of 7 years, needs $1\frac{1}{4}$ yard of goods 27 inches wide. The pattern is in 8 sizes for boys from 3 to 10 years old. Price of pattern, 15 cents.

**FIGURE NO. 3.—MISSSES' COSTUME.**

FIGURE NO. 3.—Flannel has always been the favorite material for costumes of this style, although soft woolen suitings, cashmeres and camel's-hairs are frequently chosen for them. Braid and machine-stitching are the most stylish modes of finish. An anchor, eagle or any preferred emblem may be embroidered in the corners of the collar and on each cuff. For yachting, country expeditions, seaside uses, etc., the style will be exceedingly jaunty and attractive. The pattern to the costume represented is No. 7963, and is in 8 sizes for misses from 8 to 15 years of age, and costs 30 cents.

**7983***Front View.***7983***Back View.***BOYS' COSTUME.**

No. 7983.—This pattern is in 5 sizes for boys from 3 to 7 years of age. In making the costume for a boy of 5 years, $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards of material 27 inches wide will be needed. Price of pattern, 25 cents.

**7992****7992***Front View. Back View.***BOYS' PANTS, EXTENDING BELOW THE KNEE.**

No. 7992.—These pants are developed in a fancy checked suiting and are finished at the outside leg-seam in welt style. The pattern is in 8 sizes for boys from 3 to 10 years of age. For a boy of 7 years, $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard 27 inches wide are needed. Price, 15 cents.

**7953****LADIES' SHIRRED BASQUE.**

No. 7953.—The pattern to this basque is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. For a lady of medium size, it needs $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of material 22 inches wide, or $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard 48 inches wide, together with $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard of lining 36 inches wide. Price of pattern, 30 cents.

**7956****7968****LADIES' STREET BASQUE.**

No. 7968.—The pattern to this basque is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. For a lady of medium size, it requires $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of material 22 inches wide, or $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard 48 inches wide, together with $\frac{1}{2}$ yard of satin 20 inches wide. Price, 30 cents.

LADIES' WRAP.

No. 7956.—This pattern is in 10 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. For a lady of medium size, it needs $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards of material 22 inches wide, or $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards 27 inches wide, or $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards 48 inches wide, together with $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of lining silk 20 inches wide. Price of pattern, 30 cents.

**7944***Front View.***7985***Front View.***7985***Back View.***BOYS' PANTS, BUTTONED TO BELOW THE KNEE.**

No. 7985.—This pattern is in 8 sizes for boys from 3 to 10 years of age, and is available for all sorts of suitings. For a boy of 7 years, the pants need $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard 27 inches wide. Price, 15 cents.

LADIES' WALKING SKIRT.

No. 7944.—Suit goods and silk are combined in the formation of this handsome costume. Fringe makes a very handsome garniture when placed along the edges of the front-draperies. The pattern is in 9 sizes for ladies from 20 to 36 inches, waist measure. In making the skirt for a lady of medium size, $7\frac{1}{2}$ yards of light goods and $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard of dark material 22 inches wide, or 4 yards of light and $\frac{1}{2}$ yard of dark goods 48 inches wide, will be found necessary. Price of pattern, 35 cents.

**7944***Side-Back View.*

**7966****LADIES' BASQUE.**

No. 7966.—This pattern is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. In making the basque for a lady of medium size, 5 yards of material 22 inches wide, or 2½ yards 48 inches wide, will be needed. Price of pattern, 30 cents.

**7963****MISSSES' SAILOR COSTUME.**

No. 7963.—This costume is here made of navy-blue flannel and bound with white braid. The pattern is in 8 sizes for misses from 8 to 15 years of age. For a miss of 11 years, it needs 6½ yards 22 inches wide, or 3½ yards 48 inches wide. Price of pattern, 30 cents.

**7971****LADIES' BASQUE.**

No. 7971.—This pattern is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. The basque, for a lady of medium size, needs 4 yards of goods 22 inches wide, or 1½ yard 48 inches wide, with 1½ yard of silk 20 inches wide. Price, 30 cents.

**7972***Front View.***7996***Front View.***7996***Back View.***BOYS' KNEE PANTS, WITH FLY.**

No. 7996.—These pants are here made of navy-blue diagonal suiting, but can be used for any variety of cloth preferred. The pattern is in 8 sizes for boys from 3 to 10 years of age. To make the pants for a boy of 7 years, will require 1½ yard of material 27 inches wide. Price, 15 cents.

**7972***Back View.***LADIES' WALKING SKIRT.**

No. 7972.—Plain and brocaded dress goods are combined in the present instance, and fringe, ribbons and box-platings form the garnitures. The pattern is in 9 sizes for ladies from 20 to 36 inches, waist measure. For a lady of medium size, it needs 7½ yards of plain material and 2½ yards of brocaded 22 inches wide, or 3½ yards of plain and 1½ yard of brocaded 48 inches wide. Price, 35 cents.



7979

Front View.

INFANTS'

No. 7979.—This pattern used for baby suit the taste. It is bric and trimmed with The pattern is in one yards of material 36 a dress like it. Price



7979

Back View.

DRESS.

tern may be used for any bies' wear and trimmed here made of fine cam-tucks and embroidery. size, and calls for 3 inches wide in making of pattern, 20 cents.

FIGURE No. 4.—

FIGURE No. 4.—This consists of blouse pattern No. 7995, also shown in two views on page 4 of this issue; and pants No. 7998, shown again on page 5. The costume is here shown as made of a fine diagonal suiting, the edges being bound in a very handsome manner with braid. Any suitable material may be used for the costume. Both models are in 8 sizes for boys from 3 to 10 years of age: the blouse costing 25 cents; and the pants 15 cents. For a boy of 7 years, it needs $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards 27 inches wide.

BOYS' COSTUME.



7939

Front View.



7939

Back View



7982

Front View.



7982

Back View.

CHILD'S COSTUME.

No. 7939.—This pattern is in 5 sizes for children from 2 to 6 years old, and, for a child of 3 years, needs $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards 22 inches wide, or $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard 48 inches wide, with $\frac{1}{4}$ yard of silk. Price of pattern, 25 cents.

CHILD'S COSTUME.

No. 7982.—This pattern is in 5 sizes for children from 2 to 6 years old. For a child of 5 years, it needs $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of goods 22 inches wide, or $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard 48 inches wide. Price of pattern, 20 cents.

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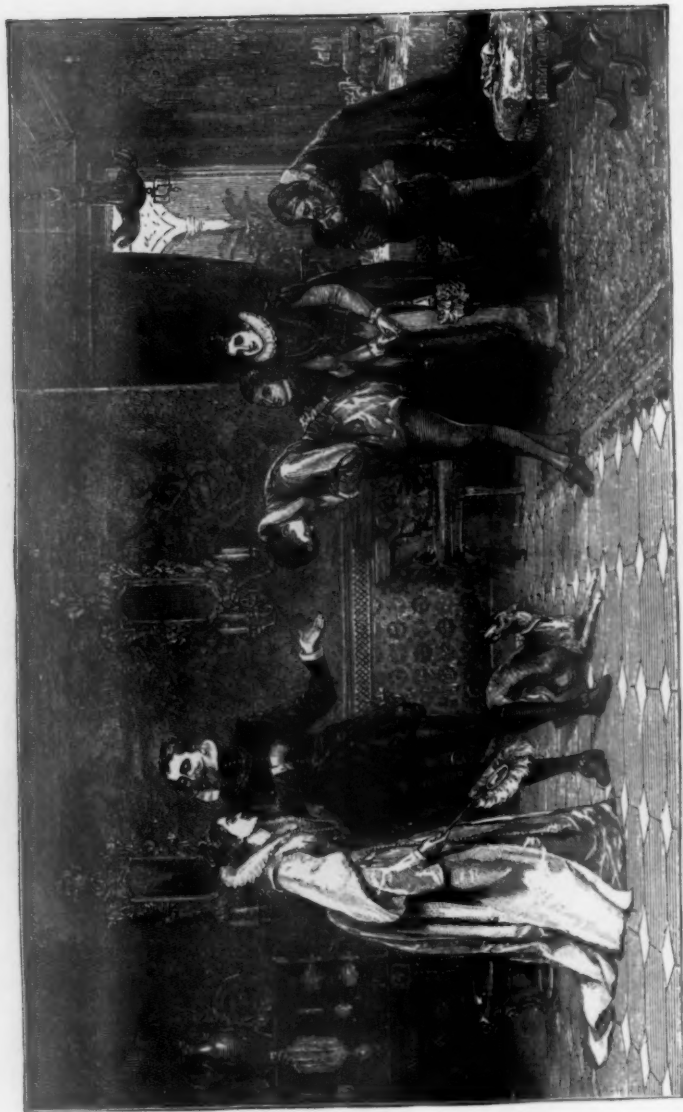


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THE STEP-MOTHER.—Page 267.

ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE.

VOL. L.

APRIL, 1882.

No. 4.



COMING HOME.

HE went away a year ago
All in the snow and rain,
And now this day, this very day,
He's coming home again.
I've made the house so neat and clean;
The winter flowers look bright;
He'll see them as he sits beside
His own fireside to-night.
He's coming! he's coming! and what will he
say?

And what will he tell me on this happy day?

VOL. L.—

The house has seemed so still and sad,
The days have been so long;
But now he's coming, all the world
Seems echoing my song:
And who shall run to let him in?
Who first his face shall see?
Ah! surely, I that love him so!
He's coming home for me.
He's coming! he's coming! I can hear my heart
beat;
Oh, it's almost like sorrow, when meeting's so sweet.



THE STEP-MOTHER.—Page 367.

ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE.

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COMING HOME.

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He's coming! he's coming! I can hear my heart
beat;
Oh, its almost like sorrow, when meeting's so sweet.

212

SHADE AND SUNLIGHT.

"Behind the clouds is the sun still shining."

WE are all walking along Life's pathway; it is strewn with smiles and tears, and lies through light and shadow. Sometimes, as we walk the sun disappears entirely, and we grope blindly in the dark, through mists of falling tears, trying with aching hearts, and tired, oh, such tired feet! to find our way along the path that we should go. It is such hard work—this struggling on in the dark—but just as we have given up all hope, aye, and almost faith sometimes, the sun bursts out, lighting our pathway, and flooding us with a glory that words can never tell. And are we grateful? do we acknowledge the gracious gift that is ours? I think we do as we move on with our hearts cheered, our tired spirits soothed, and our failing courage renewed by the sun of the Father's love.

How eagerly we stretch out our hands to grasp the roses blooming by the way-side? How our eyes light as we touch the glowing petals and feel that they are really our own! But, ah, how often the flower drops from the fingers closing on it so tightly, and we let it fall from our opened hands. And then sometimes, yes, far too often, we note a tiny crimson stain across the whiteness of the outstretched hand; the thorns have done their cruel work.

But listen; there is another country, fairer far than this, where the roses that we pick nestle lovingly in our hands, and never a mark or stain disfigures the fingers clasped around them. The flowers plucked there are all pure and sweet, and have no cruel thorns to hide. And yet, even here, we may pluck some roses without feeling any pain; there are those, you know, which bear no thorns. Good deeds are these roses; kind, loving actions to our fellow-men will never sting.

Then there are brambles in our way; harsh words, unkind thoughts, cruel, vindictive actions; sometimes we step over or around them, but often they ensnare us, and bring us many an hour of pain and misery.

But ah! as we journey on, we find many flowers besides the thorny roses, and the cruel brambles; many things other than trouble and harshness.

Note those violets as we pass them, bending low their modest little heads, and breathing delicate sweet perfume upon us; fain would we linger by them awhile, but we must walk on. Answering to these lowly flowers we find the sweet, gentle people, who breathe goodness, truth, and gentleness on all who come in their way. Happy are we if we may join them, and walk the rest of our journey hand in hand with so much peace.

Buttercups and laughing daisies we have in the gay rollicking children flocking around us. Thank God for our happy, thoughtless, merry little ones, brightening our paths, nestling in our hearts, and cheering many lonely lives.

It is a beautiful world after all, if we would but take it so. We might make our path a very pleasant one, did we but choose. Flowers spring up around us; the birds warble their sweet melodies over our heads, and soft winds kiss our faces. Sometimes, it is true, a bitter north wind comes rushing down, chilling our hearts and numbing every faculty; but we must look up and onward to where the sunshine calls us to come on.

One by one, we say "good-bye" to our dear ones, as they grow weary; and they stop by the way-side, their journey ended, and there await our Father's gentle angel, Death, who finds them and carries them gently home; while we, with aching hearts, walk on alone through the shade to the sunlight beyond.

Oh, that we would always keep the sunshine of God's love around us, so that our wayward feet might find the path, without the terrible mistakes which we so often make through wilful blindness; may the good Father help those of us who are groping in the dark, to find the light and keep it always, so that when our journey is done we may go gladly home to that eternal joy and peace that is awaiting us, just a little distance away.

IRENE WILDES.

SPRINGTIME.

OH where is the Springtime waiting now,
With her hordes of treasures untold,
With her flower-petals and leaflets green,
And her butterflies' wings of gold.

Just 'round the corner, she's waiting now,
Gathering up her store,
A little here and a little there,
Till her treasures need no more.

Oh, why is the Springtime waiting now,
With her music and mirth and grace?
We are tired of Winter, grim and gray,
We are longing to see her face.

Patience bear with old Winter's reign,
He is brushing the dead leaves down,
He is paving the way for her coming feet,
And helping to weave her crown.

S. J. J.

We know nothing in advance; every new step we take in life is an additional experiment we make, and it puts to the test our theories, our feelings, and our principles.

SOME WONDERS OF THE SEA.

By the REV. J. G. WOOD, M. A.

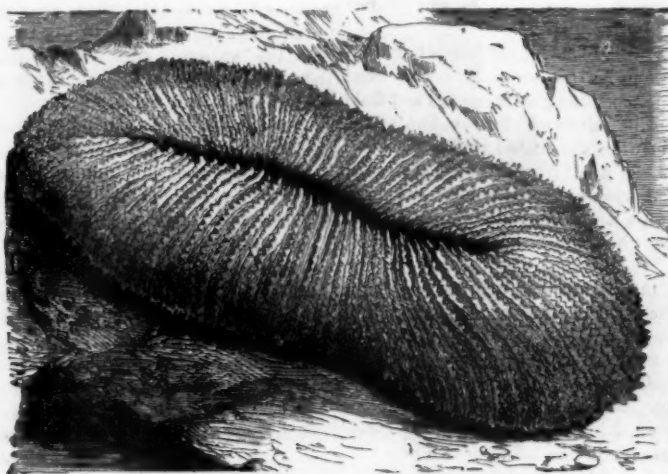
CORALS.

WHETHER dropping "like the gentle dew from heaven upon the earth beneath;" whether falling in tropical rain-torrents, and tearing its way seawards through the solid rock; whether floating gently downwards in feathery snowflakes, or crushing all before it in the form of icy hail; the water which has been suspended in the atmosphere finds its way back to the sea, whence it was evoked by the sunbeams.

But it does not return unaccompanied, for the water that has rushed through many regions carries with it samples, more or less discernible, of the soils through which it has passed. Among

We know them, or rather the results of their labors, by the very comprehensive word *CORAL*, under which title are grouped a vast number of forms, all composed of calcareous matter, but differing greatly in the shapes which they assume and the structure of the living agencies which make them.

We have all heard of "Coral Insects" and their work; and scarcely a generation ago the young learner was taught that the Coral Insect was the founder of tropical islands, having raised its edifices from the depths of the ocean, and only being checked in its labors when it reached high-water mark. There is a certain amount of truth in this statement, but more than an equal amount of error is mixed with it. In the first place it is scarcely necessary to mention that the coral formers are not insects, but creatures of an infinitely



MUSHROOM MADREPORE.

others, an enormous amount of calcareous earth is continually poured into the sea by each river that reaches the final destination of its respective watershed.

What is to become of all this calcareous earth? If nothing were done with it, the sea would be so constantly receiving fresh supplies of solid matter, that the water would be gradually thickened, and daily become more like mud than water.

It cannot be destroyed, because destruction, as we understand the word, does not exist in nature. But it can be modified, and agencies may be imagined by which the calcareous matter is extracted from the water, and built up into fabrics which, though they differ in form from the chalky mud, are identical with it in material.

There are many such agencies, silently, slowly, but surely in constant work, and one class of these I shall briefly describe in the following pages.

lower organization; and, in the next place, they can only live within a very limited distance of the surface of the water.

Putting aside the systematic division of these wonderful creatures and their productions, we will consider them all as Corals, whether they be true Corals, Madrephylls, Gorgonias, Tubipores, Alcyonidæ, etc., etc., and trace, as far as the limits of these pages will permit, the course of their lives, and the nature of their horny or stony skeleton.

Some of these beings are much more simple in structure than the others, and we will therefore begin with them.

Supposing that we take a rather coarse sponge, especially if it has been in use for some time, and compare it with the common Mushroom Madrepora, we must at once see that there is a marked analogy between them, even though we are only looking at the dead skeleton.

In fact, if we could take a common sponge, and transmute it into stone instead of silex, we should have an object so exactly like a madrepora that it would be very difficult to distinguish the one from the other.

If we were able to procure their living investments, we should see an analogy and a resemblance between them, but not an identity.

The sponge animal belongs to the great group of Protozoa, the very lowest form in which animal life can definitely be said to exist. But the Coral animal belongs to a more highly organized group, the simplest of which is called Madrephyllæ, and



PLANTAIN MADREPORE.

the most complex are popularly known as Sea Anemones.

Scientifically they are called "Anthozoa," i. e. Living Flowers, because in many of the species the tentacles have so floral an aspect, that for many centuries they were considered to be flowers of the sea, having, like the sensitive plants, the habit of contracting when touched.

It is only with those Anthozoa which deposit a solid skeleton that we have at present to deal, and so will proceed at once to the Madrephyllæ, the best-known example of which is that which has been already mentioned.

If we look at the upper surface of the Madrepora, we shall see that it presents a curiously striking resemblance to the under surface of the common mushroom, a number of thin laminae, or

stony plates, radiating from a common centre, just as do the vegetable "gills" of the mushroom.

Turn it over, and a number of rounded ridges are seen on the concave under-surface, each being covered with thorny projections, and having between each pair of ridges a variable number of the small thin laminae.

If we could re-invest this mass of stony plates with the creature that formed them, we should find that there would be nothing but a thin film of gelatinous matter, apparently without any more appearance of a living structure than if it were so much glue washed over the laminae with a brush.

Yet, if touched, the membranous film will withdraw itself between the laminae, and not return to its place until some time after the irritating cause has been removed.

Organs it has none—at least none that have as yet been detected. There seem to be no tentacles for inducing currents of water to pass over its surface, no mouths for the admission of food, no digestive organs, no nerves, and no muscles.

Still, in some way, to us unknown, this shapeless and apparently inorganic film is able to assume a definite form, to separate from the sea-water the calcareous particles which are floating in it, and to build them up into the beautifully elaborate arrangement of hard, stony plates which is shown in the figure as well as the art of the draughtsman and engraver can transfer it to paper. It is prepared in

"The unknown abyss
Of Nature's laboratory, where she hides
Her deeds from every eye except her Maker's."

It might seem that when once the stony particles were deposited and arranged, they must be out of the control of the creature that separated them from the sea-water. But careful investigations have shown that the earthy matter is deposited in the substance of the film, and that its particles can not only be deposited by the animal, but removed as occasion requires, or even absorbed again into the gelatinous film.

There are vast numbers of these fungus-like Madrephyllæ, another well-known example of which is the common Brain-stone Coral, *Meandrina*, so called because its convolutions and general shape present a striking resemblance to the human brain when removed from the skull.

Many of the common Madreporæ look very much as if a vast number of the mushroom Madrephyllæ had been moulded into a convex mass, very much diminished in size, and viewed through the pseudoscope, so that each individual appears concave instead of convex.

Those, however, which are the most conspicuously apparent in their submarine office are the beautiful species which are here represented by

the Plantain Madrepore (*Madrepora Plantaginea*) so common in drawing-room ornaments. These are the formers of the so-called Coral Islands, and in spite of the small size of the living polypes, and the minuteness of the calcareous particles which they deposit, they actually alter the surface of the globe so rapidly that important changes are made within the compass of a single human life-time, and the physical geography of enormous tracts is entirely transformed.

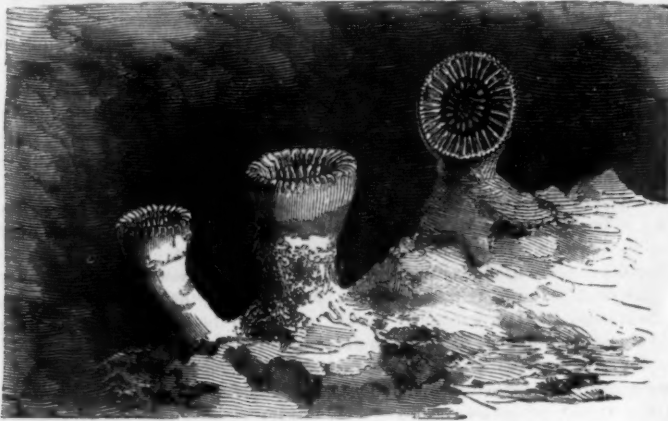
In the first place, it must be understood that not even the apparently inorganic film of the Madrephylls can exist at any great depth of water, a certain amount of light and warmth being necessary for them. When we come to the better organized beings which produce the true Madrepores, we find that a larger supply of light and warmth is required, and that in consequence they are brought more within the scope of personal ob-

Care must be taken to hold it in a good light; the system on which the structure is based will then be easily seen.

Around the edge of the aperture are ranged in order a vast number of the white stony spicules of which the mass is composed.

Radiating from the circumference towards the centre, but not quite meeting, are six very delicate laminae. When viewed directly from above, so that only their upper edges are seen, they look very like the spokes of a wheel, and indeed have been so represented in more than one book, the artist having evidently drawn from a microscopical preparation. If, however, we take a piece of the Madrepore in our hands, and turn it about as we are examining it with the lens, we shall find no difficulty in tracing the laminae down to the extremity of the cell, if we may so call it.

As each of these cells was once inhabited by a



GOBLET CARYOPHYLLE.

servation. Moreover, the water is so translucent in such localities that objects are clearly discernible at a depth of forty or fifty feet.

The whole surface of the Madrepore is covered with polypes of various sizes and colors, furnished with feathery arms that radiate like the petals of a flower, and are perpetually in motion, evidently for the sake of catching food. If touched, the polype contracts itself into the soft, gelatinous film from which it had proceeded, and is only visible as a small and slightly-projecting tubercle. The spot on which each polype has rested is marked in the stony skeleton by being the centre to which all the little laminae converge.

If these polype-cells be examined, with a tolerably powerful lens, a wonderful beauty of structure will be revealed, the little spicules of which the general mass is composed being arranged with a regularity that wonderfully resembles the ice-crystals of the snowflake.

living six-armed polype, always keeping its beautiful tentacles in motion, it is easy to imagine the extreme beauty of the object when its living envelope is still encrusting it.

How the Coral Islands are produced must now be seen.

The bed of the ocean is not one uniform plain, but, like the surface of the earth, has its deep valleys and lofty mountains. Sometimes, the tops of the mountains are not covered by water, and then we call them islands; but they are not the Coral Islands of which we are now treating.

These appear mysteriously, and give no pemonitions of their appearance. A ship, perhaps, passes over the track which has been traced by hundreds of vessels previously, strikes upon a rock that is not in the charts, and sinks. She has come upon a coral island that has not yet reached the surface, but in a few years will be known, and its place noted in the charts.

Below the surface is the apex of a mountain-peak, submerged so deeply that a ship cannot touch it with her keel. But upon that peak the Coral Colonies have settled, and have continued their hidden work until their sharp, stony ridges have gradually approached the surface and become a danger to the next vessel that sails in that direction.

By degrees, the Coral reaches the limit of high water, and the polypes which make it, not being able to exist without water, can rise no higher, but spread laterally in all directions, until, according to Captain Basil Hall's graphic simile, it looks like a huge cauliflower on its stem. Consequently there is deep water within a foot of its edge, the lead gives no warning, and so a vessel is wrecked without any fault of those in charge of her.

Another well-known form of Coral Island is that which forms a large circle. There is deep water close to the edge both inside and outside, forming a natural harbor so perfect that although a tempest may rage outside it, there is smooth water within. This is also due to a submarine mountain.

In those regions volcanic action is a conspicuous element, and volcanoes, both active and extinct, are plentiful. When an extinct volcano rears its summit tolerably near the surface of the sea, the Coral-makers are sure to settle upon it sooner or later. As the Coral must necessarily be founded on the edge of the crater, it is evident that when it reaches the surface of the water it must retain the circular form. The Coral, not being able to extend itself upwards, in consequence being almost invisible by day, and quite so at night, both these types of Coral Islands would become exceedingly dangerous, and, indeed, make navigation almost impossible. But another provision steps in, and not only robs them of their terrors, but converts them into havens of rest and safety.

Before very long, seaweeds accumulate, and are flung by the storms upon the surface of the "reef," as the Coral mass is called. Mixed with the seaweed are quantities of marine worms, molluscs, and other specimens of ocean life. Being unable to exist out of the water, they die, and by their decay form a fertile earth capable of affording nourishment to plants of a higher order.

Floating cocoanuts, which have the power of drifting for immense distances while retaining the principle of life, are arrested by the new reef, strike root and become the progenitors of palm-trees innumerable. Birds are sure to follow, bringing with them the seeds of various plants, and so by degrees the almost invisible coral-reef becomes a fertile island.

Man then visits the newly-found region, attracted by the waving palm-trees, and finds a spot exactly suited to his wants. The natives of these climates

are essentially maritime, and nothing better for them could be imagined than this palm-fringed ring of fertile land resting upon its coral base. In its centre is an absolutely perfect harbor, affording refuge for their canoes in stormy weather. The harbor is, in fact, the crater of the submerged volcano, so that, whether within or without, the vessels can be brought so close to the shore that the tops of the cocoa-palms actually overhang the masts of the canoes.

Food is to be found in abundance. As to vegetable food, there are, in the first place, the cocoanut-palms, each of which trees can afford subsistence to a family. Then there are sure to be bread-fruits, yams, pine-apples, mangoes, and other vegetable productions which thrive so abundantly in tropical regions.

Animal food is found in abundance in the sea. Fishes come for shelter in the coral-reefs, and absolutely swarm under the overhanging ledges of rock. The interior of the island is also full of them, the central lake with its quiet waters being precisely what the fishes most need, and becoming a vast natural fish-catching establishment.

Cuttlies, which are largely eaten by the natives, also hide in the rocky crevices, and are deluded to their destruction by cunningly devised baits made of cowrie-shells. The turtles also abound in these seas, and when the times comes for depositing their eggs, haunt the shore in search of convenient nurseries.

So, by the unseen and unheard labors of the Coral-makers, the earthy particles which were entangled in the water are separated and built into a form suitable for the habitation of Man, thus giving him more earth to replenish and subdue, and enabling him to fulfil more completely the mission for which he was created.

Having now glanced at the most conspicuous achievements of the Corals, we will take a hasty review of some of the endlessly varied forms which they assume.

There are various Caryophylle Madreporae, specimens of which are favorite inhabitants of marine aquaria, the lovely colors of their animal envelope being even more attractive to the eye than the delicate stony laminae which they deposit. Several species are found on our own southern coasts. The Goblet Caryophylle, which is here given of its natural size, is a good type of this group. The reader must imagine to himself that the groundwork of this beautiful object is pure dead white, and that the upper portion is colored with crimson, yellow "eau-de-Nile" green, pale grey, and other hues, no two specimens being exactly of the same color.

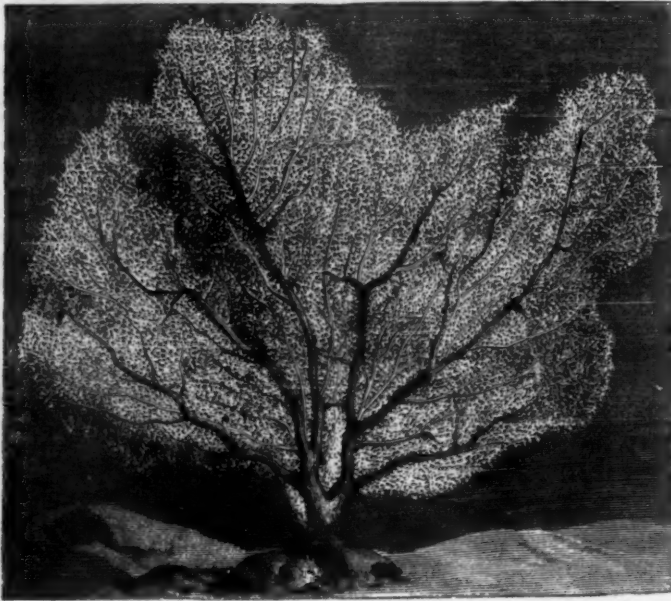
Then there are the true Corals of commerce, sometimes white, sometimes red, and sometimes pink, the last mentioned being of the most value in the manufacture of ornaments.

All the true Corals have the stony core solid and branch-like, and slightly grooved on the exterior. At irregular intervals there are small rounded projections, radiated in star-like fashion above. These mark the spots in which the living polypes were placed, the remainder being covered with the common gelatinous envelope to which they are attached, or rather from which they proceed. If a transverse section be made of a branch of Coral, it will be seen to have some resemblance to the porcupine quill, or the spine of the sea-urchin, the lines of the corrugated surface being continued inwards until they nearly meet in the centre.

As in the common red Coral the general enve-

account of the tangled mode in which the branches of these beings are interlaced they are called Gorgonias by the scientific. Fishermen mostly know them by the name of Sea-Fans, or Fan Corals, because they are flat and spread in fan-fashion from the base. In some of them the animal envelope is a bright scarlet, and retains its color after it is dry, so that a good specimen of Gorgonia is really a handsome object.

The spicules which are deposited by the animal are wonderful objects when seen under a moderate microscopical power, say a half-inch object-glass. They are transparent, stick-shaped, covered with knobs, and having the most lovely tints of pink, very pale blue, and yellow. Indeed, they



SEA-FAN.

lope is scarlet, and the polypes are snowy white, the extreme beauty of the living creatures can be easily imagined.

The whole life-history of the Coral is singularly interesting, dating from the day when it swims freely through the water in search of a favorable locality, to the time when it has settled down and developed into the beautiful branched structure with which we are so familiar. But it is beyond the scope of this present article, and we most reluctantly pass it by.

In the true Corals the branches are short, stout, and sturdy, and therefore capable of sustaining the force of the waves. But there are some allied species which have very long and slender branches, that would be broken to pieces by a wave which has no effect on the true Coral. On

look so much like barley-sugar that all young people to whom I have shown the spicules through the microscope have said that they *must* be good to eat, if they were only large enough.

In all these curious beings the central axis of the stem and branches is composed alternately of horny matter and stone, the former producing flexibility, and the latter giving strength. When beaten by the waves this compound structure yields to their force, and is enabled to recover itself again when the force of the storm has passed away.

Lay it down as a rule, *never* to smile, nor in any way show approval or merriment, at *any* trait in a child which you do not wish to grow with his growth, and strengthen with his strength.

THE PURITAN MAIDEN.

IN his "COURTSHIP OF MILES STANDISH," Mr. Longfellow gives us the picture of a Puritan maiden, "modest and simple and sweet," in Priscilla, as she is revealed to the eyes of John Alden, seated at her spinning wheel, with a psalm book open on her lap, singing the hun-

Full of the breath of the Lord, consoling and comforting many.

Then, as he opened the door, he beheld the form of the maiden

Seated beside her wheel, and the carded wool like a snow-drift

Piled at her knee, her white hands feeding the ravenous spindle,



dredth psalm. The handsome youth, a friend of Standish, and himself an unconfessed lover of Priscilla, has come, in sore reluctance, to prefer the rough old soldier's suit for a hand he had fondly hoped was to become his own. As he draws near he hears

"The musical voice of Priscilla
Singing the hundredth psalm, the grand old Puritan anthem,
Music that Luther sang to the sacred words of the Psalmist,

While with her foot on the treadle she guided the wheel in its motion.

Open wide on her lap lay the well-worn psalm-book of Ainsworth,

Printed in Amsterdam, the words and the music together,

Rough-hewn, angular notes, like stones in the wall of a churchyard,

Darkened and overhung by the running vine of the verses.

Such was the book from which she sang the old Puritan anthem,

She, the Puritan girl, in the solitude of the forest,

Making the humble house and the modest apparel of homespun

Beautiful with her beauty, and rich with the wealth of her being,

Over him rushed like a wind that is cold and relentless,

Thoughts of what might have been, and the weight and woe of his errand:

All the dreams that had faded, and all the hopes that had vanished,

All his life henceforth a dreary and tenantless mansion,

Haunted by vain regrets, and pallid, sorrowful faces."

* * * * *

"So he entered the house: and the hum of the wheel and the singing

Suddenly ceased; for Priscilla aroused by his step on the threshold,

Rose as he entered, and gave him her hand, in a signal of welcome:

Saying, 'I knew it was you, when I heard your step in the passage;

For I was thinking of you, as I sat there singing and spinning.'"

* * * * *

"Then they sat down and talked of the birds and beautiful spring-time,

Talked of their friends at home, and the May-flower that sailed on the morrow.

'I have been thinking all day,' said gently the Puritan maiden,

'Dreaming all night, and thinking all day of the hedge-rows of England,—

They are in blossom now, and the country is all like a garden.'

* * * * *

"You will say it is wrong, but I cannot help it: I almost

Wish myself back in old England, I feel so lonely and wretched.'

"Thereupon, answered the youth:—'Indeed I do not condemn you;

Stouter hearts than a woman's have quailed in this terrible winter.

Yours is tender and trusting, and needs a stronger to lean on;

So I have come to you now, with an offer and proffer of marriage

Made by a good man and true, Miles Standish the Captain of Plymouth.'"

* * * * *

"Mute with amazement and sorrow, Priscilla the Puritan maiden

Looked into Alden's face, her eyes dilated with wonder,

Feeling his words like a blow, that stunned her and rendered her speechless;

Till at length she exclaimed, interrupting the ominous silence:

'If the great Captain of Plymouth is so very eager to wed me,

Why does he not come himself, and take the trouble to woo me?

If I am not worth the wooing, I surely am not worth the winning.'"

Then, loyal to his friend, and, as in duty bound, the handsome youth urged the suit and pleaded the cause of the brave Captain of Plymouth; while the maiden, whose swift intuitions had reached the truth, skilfully met his arguments and pleadings, making them worse as he went.

"By saying the captain was busy; Had no time for such things.

"Swift as a flash she made answer,

"Has no time for such things, as you call it, before he is married,

Would he be likely to find it, or make it, after the wedding?"

Still John Alden went on

"Unheeding the words of Priscilla, Urging the suit of his friend, explaining, persuading, expanding.

"But as he warmed and glowed, in his simple and eloquent language,

Quite forgetful of self, and full of the praise of his rival,

Archly the maiden smiled, and, with eyes over-running with laughter,

Said, in a tremulous voice, 'Why don't you speak for yourself, John?'"

What followed is a part of the romance of early New England colonial history, to which Mr. Longfellow, in his beautiful poem, the "Courtship of Miles Standish," has given an exquisite charm.

A young lady who has distinguished herself at the Cambridge local examination had just been relating some astounding astronomical facts and figures. Said her cousin, who "never went in for that sort of thing, you know": "I see how one can find out how large and how far away the stars are; but, by Jove, I don't quite see how they ever found out their names?"

It is much easier to be polite and neighborly than to fly into a passion when things do not suit you. Take this note, for instance, addressed by a lady to her neighbor next door: "Dear Madame, Your children, who are numerous and appear to be disorderly, no doubt deserve the frequent floggings you give them; but as my nerves are weak, I write this to ask if you can't do something to deaden the sound."

ROSES OR VIOLETS?

CHAPTER I.

"Alas, how light a cause may move
Dissensions between hearts that love."

AS Bertha Singleton laid out on her bed the light, airy robes she was to wear to the ball that night, they looked more like fairy garments, with their ethereal beauty and shimmer than anything belonging to this work-a-day world; nor was the wearer unworthy of these robes, for she was a fair young maiden, in the dewy and exquisite freshness of early womanhood, a maiden who had evidently begun to "dream dreams and to see visions." The crowning ornament of her toilet were her beautiful flowers. Of these she had two baskets on her toilet-table, one of roses and rose-buds, the other of blue violets like those of which Tennyson sings in "Maud,"

"From the meadows your walks have left so sweet,
That where'er the March wind sighs,
He sets the jewel print of your feet
In violets blue as your eyes."

But she glanced only slightly at these tender, blue violets with their delicious fragrance. She looks at the roses with quite a different expression, with a mantling blush and a dreamy light in her eyes. A note lying beside them will give a clue to her emotions. This note is from one of her lovers, the secretly chosen one of her heart, Russell Seabrooke. This was the first time he had avowed his love, for he was of a sensitive, retiring, reserved nature, and he had only summoned up courage this day to declare his love, in the note accompanying the flowers, and he begged her to wear these flowers at the ball that night, if she could give him any hope. Almost simultaneously a less favored lover had also sent her a basket of flowers, so on her return from a walk that morning she had found the two offerings awaiting her.

When she came to put the finishing touches to her toilet that night, her hand lingered caressingly as she shyly, blushing fastened a cluster of roses and buds in her hair and another one on her breast. It seemed too bold an acknowledgement that she returned Russell's affection, and she felt a half impulse to take them off, they occasioned her such self-consciousness, but after all it was a delightful self-consciousness, although mingled with shyness and confusion.

To one so young and fresh, in whose veins the sap of joyous, vigorous young life flowed so warmly, a ball would, at any rate, have been a scene of enchantment, but now it promised to be doubly so, because she saw everything in

"The light that never was by land or sea,"

carrying around her, and within her the fairy world of "love's young dream." A hundred times

she pictured to herself meeting Russell at the ball, wondering how he would feel, and how he would look when he saw her wearing his flowers, and also wondering how *she* would stand the ordeal.

At last the important event was close at hand. As she entered the blazing ball-room with its magic lights, its flowers, its perfumes, its dreamy music, soft and entrancing, yet with an undercurrent of sadness, she felt rather than saw that Russell stood near her. Her heart almost stopped beating, her eyes sought the floor while he eagerly scrutinized her. She was surprised that he did not start forward to join her, "but doubtless," thought she, "that springs from his consideration for me. He sees how confused and agitated I am, and wishes to give me time to recover myself."

Other acquaintances soon thronged around her, for the fair young debutante was very popular. To her annoyance, her card was rapidly filled up, her other lover, Edward Morson, putting down his name for several sets.

An hour passed and still Russell did not come near her, though she occasionally saw him leading out some other young lady to the dance. Wounded and indignant, she felt as if her heart would break if she could not get some clue to his strange and cruel conduct. She grew paler and paler; she could not keep tears from rising to her eyes when she thought how she had, in opposition to her maidenly shrinking, worn his flowers as a token that she returned his attachment, and now he avoided and slighted her after having drawn this avowal from her! All that had "made the assembly shine," and "made the ball so fine" had suddenly grown dim. Pleading a sudden indisposition, she requested her chaperon to carry her home. Here she spent a sleepless night, but still she was confident that the next day would bring a clue to her lover's seemingly strange conduct, and that all her pain and chagrin would be banished by a full explanation and reconciliation. The day dragged on however without the explanation and reconciliation for which she so intensely longed. All day long she watched the front door with feverish anxiety, with fluctuations of hope and fear. Several ensuing days she spent in the same way, and like Mariana in the moated grange, she said "he cometh not."

A few days later, on returning from a walk, she found his card marked p. p. c. He was his father's partner in a law firm, and she learned through an acquaintance that he had been sent to England by his father to collect evidence in some important case, and that he would probably be absent six months; and so the mystery of his conduct remained unsolved, and the shadow deepened over the heart and life of the young girl who had so fondly loved and trusted him.

Bertha did not live in the city where she had

met Russell Seabrooke. She had come there to spend the winter with a cousin who had launched her into society and given her her first glimpse of the world. It was during this winter that she tasted the greatest joy and the deepest pain of her life. When she went home in the spring, her family all felt that she had passed the Rubicon of early, careless girlhood, never to return again. There was an undefinable change in her. Her great though brief happiness, and the sharp pain that followed it, had left deep traces on her.

Edward Morson soon followed her to her country home, but his suit met with a decided negative.

CHAPTER II.

FIVE years passed away, not all unhappy, because Bertha lived too much for others to stagnate in sullen, brooding misery; still her life crept on a broken wing, instead of soaring joyfully aloft as she once dreamed it would. If death had taken her lover from her, her grief would have grown calm, in the course of time, but she could not reconcile herself to a loss so inexplicable, so arbitrary, and so the wound remained sore at her heart.

About this time, she was called on to act as bridesmaid for a favorite friend and schoolmate of her girlhood, according to a promise made in those early days that whichever of them married first should call on the other to act as her first bridesmaid.

On reaching her friend's home, in a Virginia country neighborhood, Bertha found they were preparing to celebrate the marriage in the old Virginia style, which was to throw open the house for about a week and entertain all the neighbors and relatives of the family. Bertha was to be one of a band of twelve bridesmaids, most of whom were already assembled in the house. The groomsmen were to be partly young men of the neighborhood, and partly friends and relatives of the bridegroom's, brought from a distance. A large office in the yard was fitted up for the accommodation of these, an African "model of deportment," in the shape of Uncle Pompey, an old family servant being in attendance, whilst the house, with the elasticity peculiar to old Virginia country houses, managed to expand itself to accommodate the guests of the fair sex.

On the morning of the wedding-day, the bridegroom arrived, attended by six groomsmen. A group of merry bridesmaids peeping furtively from behind the curtain-folds, called to Bertha to join them, as they watched the bridegroom and his friends advance across the lawn. She glanced carelessly at them, but how did her feelings and expression change when she discovered that Russell Seabrooke was amongst the party! It was the first time she had seen him since that night in

which her tremulous joy had been so quickly followed by bitter pain. The sight of him awakened a tumult of strong and deep emotion—for he was her early, only love, whose image had never been displaced in her heart by that of another. She schooled herself, however, to meet him calmly that night. Only a slight recognition, and some civil commonplaces passed between them, so that the bystanders had no idea that they had ever been more than casual acquaintances, and would have been annoyed, had the agitated hearts beating beneath such quiet exteriors, been laid bare to view. Russell did not stand with Bertha, but with a fresh, bright young girl who artlessly showed her admiration for her cavalier, and her desire to engross him.

The festivities lasted several days longer, and such a scene of genial hospitality, and heartfelt social enjoyment could scarcely have been found at any gathering except an old-fashioned Virginia country wedding. Even the negroes entered into the hospitable and festive spirit of the occasion, exerting themselves with hearty good will and good nature, in attendance on the guests. Old Aunt Dinah and Aunt Chloe outdid themselves in the excellence of their Old Virginia cookery, and all of the "Kitchen Cabinet" being of a social and hilarious temperament, took great satisfaction in the gathering of the clans.

It was in the spring of the year, the last of April, when the earth is arrayed in a livery of tender-green and flowers. Never had the old home looked more lovely. It stood on a lawn bordered by grand old cedars rendered vocal by birds, and looked forth on the beautiful James River, flowing between its willow-fringed banks. The old garden, laid off in quaint beds, a century ago, was well stocked with hyacinths, pinks, tulips, violets, lilies of the valley, lilacs and other old-fashioned flowers.

During the festivities that followed the marriage, Russell and Bertha might have said of each other "thou art so near and yet so far," for they were like parallel lines, close to each other, yet never meeting or touching. In the dance, in the social circle, in their walks and excursions, they were thrown into near contact with each other, but never alone together; so the past remained a sealed book, and the mystery connected with his conduct the night of that eventful ball, remained as great as ever. It gave Bertha a strange mingling of joy and pain to see him daily and hourly, while still a barrier stood between them, barring all sweet intercourse and understanding between them. It was almost like being in the presence of the dead body of one we have dearly loved, and looking on the features, the same in outline, but lacking the light of love and life that had lit them up.

At length the festivities drew towards a close;

on the next day, the gay party was to disband, and the bridegroom was to conduct the young wife to their own vine and fig-tree. It was a heavenly evening, wearing that tender, dream-like loveliness peculiar to April, when everything seems to breathe and hint of a sweet, mysterious hope and joy. Bertha thought she would take a stroll in her favorite resort, the quaint old garden with its fragrant cedars and yew-trees, its trim hedges of box and its sweet, old-fashioned flowers. Walking to a bed of white violets, with their delicious fragrance, so subtle and delicate that we scarce know whether we apprehend it with soul or sense, she stooped down to gather a cluster of these. As she raised up, she discovered she was not alone, for Russell Seabrooke stood within a few paces of her. Struggling to appear calm and indifferent, she tried to make some commonplace remark; the flowers she held in her hand suggested the first topic she could think of, so she remarked mechanically, feeling that anything would be less embarrassing than silence, that "violets were a favorite flower with her."

"Would heaven they had been so in the long ago!" exclaimed he, with a burst of emotion that startled her.

"I do not understand you," she replied.

"If you had shown favor to my violets the night of the ball and worn them," he exclaimed, "how different my life would have been!"

"Your violets!" exclaimed she, bewildered—then with a sudden light breaking over her, "Your violets! *I thought you sent the roses.*"

A light broke over him too, explaining in a flash the cross purposes of that eventful night, and driving away the shadows of misunderstanding that had darkened his proud and sensitive nature ever since she had made what he deemed not only an avowal of her indifference towards himself, but of her preference for his rival, as he had heard Edward Morson comment with no little self-complacency on the fact that Bertha had worn his flowers, that night. Both baskets of flowers had been sent to Bertha while she was out on the street, and the servant in carrying them up to her room had mismatched the note intended to go with the violets, and put it with the basket of roses, hence the mistake which had led to the sundering of the two lovers for five years.

In the full explanation and reconciliation that ensued, Bertha and her lover strolled about till the stars came out to illumine the twilight. When she came in to tea, it was universally whispered around the table by the guests that they had never seen her look so well. Indeed, they had no idea she could look so beautiful. A delightful atmosphere of fragrance surrounded her, produced by the profusion of violets she wore in her hair and on her breast. Indeed, ever after this, her devotion to violets was something remarkable. She

never appeared without a cluster of them; and when she was married (which event took place at no very distant day), deviating from the conventional orange-flowers, the bride wore violets, thereby exciting the wonder of the congregation, who were not aware of how important a part violets had played in her destiny. MARY W. EARLY.

THE LESSON OF A DAY.

THOU out-gliding Day,
That knowest neither hurry nor delay—
I cry with vain regret,
Go not, ah, go not yet!
Let me redeem thy chances cast away!

For, in a vague, sweet dream,
I drifted down the smoothly-flowing stream,
Forgetful of the real,
In love of the ideal,
Yielding the things that are, for things that seem.

Which seeming oft, indeed,
Answers the soul's uncomprehended need
In some mysterious way,
That all thy facts, O Day,
Cannot explain, nor in delight exceed.

But thou—thou wilt not pause—
Obedient to universal laws,
Thou goest on thy way,
And wilt not even stay
To hear me plead my weak, unstable cause.

It matters not at all
To thee, O Day, whether I stand or fall,
Whether I boldly seize
Thine opportunities,
Or, careless, let them slip beyond recall.

As passionless as Fate,
Thou turnest at Time's wheel, and while I wait
For some auspicious hour
To bring my hopes to flower,
Lo! the night falls, and I am desolate.

Thy light shines through and through
The cobweb of my life—ah, witness true!
Thou knowest, every one,
The deeds that I have done—
But seest thou the good I meant to do?

Sweet Day, thou teachest me
That good intents are nothing till they be
Incarnated in works,
That he who idly shirks
The present task hath no reward in thee!

ANNIE L. MUZZEY.

LADY LOUISE.

A STORY WHICH IS HARDLY A STORY.

"GOOD-NIGHT, Miss Van Dyke."

"Good-night."

There was a faint smile on Louise Van Dyke's face as she turned away; it lingered there as she entered the warm, bright parlor and moved softly about, closing the piano, putting away Bessie's paper dolls, covering up the plants for the night as carefully as though they were children, and then, after standing by the fire for a few moments with thoughtful eyes fixed upon the glowing coals, going up-stairs to her own pretty room. She went straight to her dressing-table, which some one had once said "looked just like Louise," being a dainty affair of pale blue and white lace and ribbons. Kneeling before it, she gazed long and earnestly at the face reflected in the glass. No one had ever called Louise Van Dyke beautiful. Not every one at first sight thought her even pretty; but hers was a face that would wear well—a winning, womanly face. The large, dark eyes were clear, thoughtful, honest ones. The mouth, if a trifle too large, could curve into a smile that made her for the moment almost beautiful. And with eyes and mouth, have we not described the features which give a face its character?

How many confidences our mirrors receive! And what friends are more silent and faithful, answering our questions without flattery; never deceiving us about a wrinkle or blemish, and loyally guarding the secrets we give them to keep.

She did not utter her thoughts aloud, for she was no bookish maiden, this little Lady Louise; but she went over in her mind the events of the last few weeks, in which John Allen had figured—their first meeting, when running into the parlor one evening, the song on her lips was arrested at sight of an awkward youth, who might have been of any age from twenty to thirty-five, and whom Jimmie introduced in true boyish style as "Allen, my teacher, you know, Lou."

She had given him her hand in her frank, cordial way, and then taken her crochet-work demurely; but somehow the algebra lesson did not prosper after that. One glance of the dark eyes lifted now and then from her work made poor John blush painfully; and the sight of two little slipped feet on the fender, and two white hands busy with the meshes of scarlet wool, caused him to blunder so with equations that Jimmie was reduced to the depths of despair.

He was only a boy, after all, but much care and anxiety and hard work had made him old beyond his years. In his struggle for food for mind and body, he had no time for the little refinements of life, and no one to teach him those things which none of us can learn from books, and not all from

observation. Awkward, blunt at times even to rudeness, with none of the ease of manner which travel and society gives to one, he had never realized his deficiencies as he did now, brought face to face with this dainty, graceful girl.

Perhaps she guessed what was passing in his mind, and pitied him; for when at last the algebra lesson ended in a hopeless tangle, she bent all her powers to undo the mischief she had unwittingly done. She possessed one gift far beyond beauty or genius—the rare gift of tact; and gradually, after one or two blunders, she led the conversation to several topics on which, to her surprise, he could talk well. He had read much she soon found, and over books and authors both became enthusiastic, until, when at last the clock rang out ten silvery strokes, and with his usual absent-mindedness, he caught up Jimmie's hat and started for his comfortless boarding-place, it was with a lighter heart than he had had for weeks. He had been before a stranger in a strange land, now he had found a friend.

Evening after evening found him in Dr. Van Dyke's cozy parlor. Sometimes Louise played for him the grand, stately music he loved, while she watched the face he was beginning to think wonderfully attractive, and the white fingers moving swiftly over the keys. Sometimes he read aloud from Louise's well-worn favorites: "Lucile," and Carlyle, and Ruskin's "Crown of Wild Olives," and Louise, listening to the fine voice, forgot the plain face of the reader, forgot her work sometimes and let her hands lie idly folded, while she listened with lips apart and the color deepening in her cheeks. Then there were the German lessons, when her laugh rang out merrily over the blunders her one scholar made. Their friendship grew apace over that most musical of all languages, and John Allen was rapidly learning to conjugate lieben with heart as well as lips.

She was no coquette, the little Lady Louise, with the high-bred ways which had earned for her her name. She could not help it if her eyes were bright and her laugh musical and her ways very winsome to the homeless lad. But to-night, alone in her chamber, she confessed to herself and her mirror that she was to blame if in order to amuse herself, to while away the summer evenings which otherwise might be dull, she let this boy who had never met a bright, cultured, graceful woman before, lose his heart to one who had nothing but friendship to give him in return. She had had her first love; had loved fervently, as it was her nature to do; had wakened from her brief dream as many another has done, to find her idol but clay. The wound had not been a deep one. Hers was a sunny nature that readily threw off care, but the knowledge that there was one whose life was darkened by a bitter disappointment, made

her watchful now. She had drifted on too busy with the succession of duties and pleasures the glad days brought her, to realize that for John Allen the old story, which has been played on many a stage since the world began, was being enacted. Not until this evening, when with an earnestness that had surprised her, he had asked for a flower that fell from her hair, and her eyes had met his fixed upon her with a look she could not mistake, not until then had she dreamed that their friendly companionship meant more to one than to the other, and now, knowing this, should she go on? She sat long by her mirror that night; the lamp burned dim, and the clock down stairs rang out twelve warning strokes before she began brushing out her long, soft braids. One hour later when the moonbeams stole in, they touched caressingly a very peaceful, sleeping face.

The Sabbath sun, streaming through the stained glass window of the little chapel next morning, made a halo about one brown head bowed reverently. It seemed to John Allen, watching Lady Louisa from his seat by the door, that God's hand was laid on her head in blessing. As he listened through the service for one clear voice, he fancied—he was young, remember, reader—that angels' voices were no sweeter. And he did not take his eyes from one serene face until the benediction had been spoken, and the worshippers were coming slowly down the aisle. It had become an established custom which people had almost ceased to wonder at, that the doctor's daughter and the teacher of the grammar school should walk home from service together; that he should sit down to a carefully arranged table and partake of one of Aunt Helen's bountiful dinners; that he should pretend to read, while he listened to the Bible stories Louisa told to the children clustered on the rug about her. All this happened as on more than one Sunday before. If he had fancied that some indefinable change had crept over Lady Louisa since the evening before, it was forgotten when she took her seat at the piano and let her fingers wander dreamily over the keys in the twilight music she loved so well. Half listening to the plaintive melody, half lost in a delicious dream, he sat with closed eyes while the shadows darkened, and the music grew fainter and slower. She had left the piano now; he heard her light steps, the sweep of her soft grey dress, her laugh as she bent over him and pretended she thought him sleeping. But he feared to break the spell, and not until she had wheeled her favorite sleepy hollow chair to the fire, and nestled down in it with a little sigh of satisfaction, would he open his eyes.

"So you are not sleeping. A penny for your thoughts, Herr Allen?"

The instant the words were spoken she would

have given worlds to recall them. He was only a boy; the influence of the music, the twilight, the dainty presence near him, swept him into a current he could not resist. "Shall I tell you? May I tell you, Louise?"

He had never called her by her name before, and she knew, as any woman would have known, what it meant. Some good angel must have helped her just then. With one of the graceful movements peculiar to her, she arrested the words he would have spoken, and held out toward him a little curl of yellow hair wrapped in tissue paper, with only the name "Alice," and the date June 1st, 187—.

"This fell from your prayer-book to-day, Mr. Allen."

In the moment of silence that followed, while the clinging curl lay on his palm, there arose before him the vision of the district school-house where he had learned of winters to cipher and spell; of a pale face bent faithfully over book and slate; of a little brown hand which had been slipped confidently in his; of a little girl he had last seen gazing wistfully after him, the wind blowing her calico dress about her. He thought of a pile of letters in his desk, written with what painstaking care he would never know, and with a pang of remorse he remembered that the last one had lain for weeks unanswered.

"My friend," a clear voice broke in upon his thoughts, "can you not tell me about it? or," archly, "can I guess?"

He was bewildered. A moment before he had been on the verge of telling Louise Van Dyke of his love for her. Was he now to tell her instead about the plain country lass who loved him, he knew? It seemed so. With a few skillful words she drew from him the whole story, how he never knew. He had scarcely thought of Alice Dare for weeks, but now with a rush of pity and remorse he recalled her pale, wistful face. It was not long before Louise Van Dyke knew it all, supplying from her womanly instinct what he left untold. How he had been bound out to old Farmer Dare until he was seventeen. How in his pity for the delicate child whose life was utterly devoid of everything beautiful, he had tried, by the scant means in his power, to help her, and she in return had given him all the love of her starved heart. He had not seen her but once in all the six struggling years since he left Eben Dare's and went out into the world to carve a name for himself, and then—he could not tell Louise Van Dyke how she had thrown herself with a sob into his arms.

When the story was told, silence reigned for a time in the shadowy room. Then Louise spoke softly, "and you will go back for her some day, will you not?"

John Allen arose and paced the room with hasty

steps. Could he give up without a struggle the woman he loved for the one who loved him? Too much was asked of him.

The snow fell noiselessly without, the church-bells chimed a summons to evening prayer, and still in John Allen's heart the struggle went on.

At last Louise could endure it no longer. Do not call her unwomanly. She arose, and, taking John's hand, led him to the window. Then her voice rang out clear as a bell.

"John Allen, I am disappointed in you if for one moment you hesitate. Over those hills some one is waiting until you come to take her away from her barren, loveless life out into the freer life you have found, where your care and love will compensate for what her young years have lost. And I—I offer you a woman's friendship; for I hold that between man and woman friendship can exist as loyal and abiding as those between man and man. I offer you all the help I can give. You have never known a sister. May I be one to you?"

Her voice faltered a little here; her glorious eyes were wet, her cheeks on fire, and it seemed to John Allen almost as if the place where he stood were holy ground—as if he were not worthy to kiss the hem of her gown.

Years afterward two men, both politicians, both brilliant speakers, one a so-called self-made man, the other a wealthy, high-bred man of the world, were snow-bound for a long winter night on a western bound train. Their conversation had been on deeper, subjects than the light chat of mere travelling acquaintances is apt to touch upon. At last, Senator Allen, opening his notebook, let fall a well-worn photograph of an earnest, girlish face. Picking it up, he looked at it reverently, then holding the pictured face toward his companion, said: "That is a girl I loved once with all my heart. Next to my wife, I esteem and reverence and admire her above any woman on earth."

From his breast-pocket the other drew a similar well-worn picture. "That is a woman I love now with all my heart—my wife—God bless her!"

LESLIE.

JOSH BILLINGS says that "a good doctor is a gentleman to whom we pay three dollars a visit for advising us to eat less and exercise more."

Mrs. AGASSIZ found one morning in one of her slippers a cold little slimy snake, one of six sent the day before to her scientific spouse, and carefully set aside by him for safety under the bed. She screamed, "There is a snake in my slipper!" The *savant* leaped from his couch, crying, "A snake! Good Heaven, where are the other five?"

SHOWER AND THE SUNBEAM.

THE dark, frieze-coated, hoarse, teeth-chattering month of March had passed away. It had been particularly stormy; and, alas! when in one of its most angry moods, it had blown the dust, which, when it falls upon the right place, is said to be worth a king's ransom, into all sorts of nooks and upon all sorts of things, where it was anything but pleasant to see it. There was a bed of violets, for instance, half smothered, and ever so many primrose-buds nearly choked and afraid to open themselves any farther, as the fine dust would have been sure to get inside their pretty, delicate blossoms, and quite take off from their first freshness. Then the beautiful sprays of ivy, that had kept so fresh and green all through the winter, making such a splendid shelter for the robins and sparrows, now looked as if the miller had emptied a bag of flour over them. The ivy trembled and quivered, and tried in vain to shake itself clean, and the leaves whispered thus to each other: "Oh dear, if that March wind had only not been so cross! We don't mind a sharp frost or a cold wind now and then; they harden us and do us good; but that last storm came with such angry gusts that it nearly tore us from our dear old tree, while the dust came in such quantities that it has covered our tiniest and prettiest leaves."

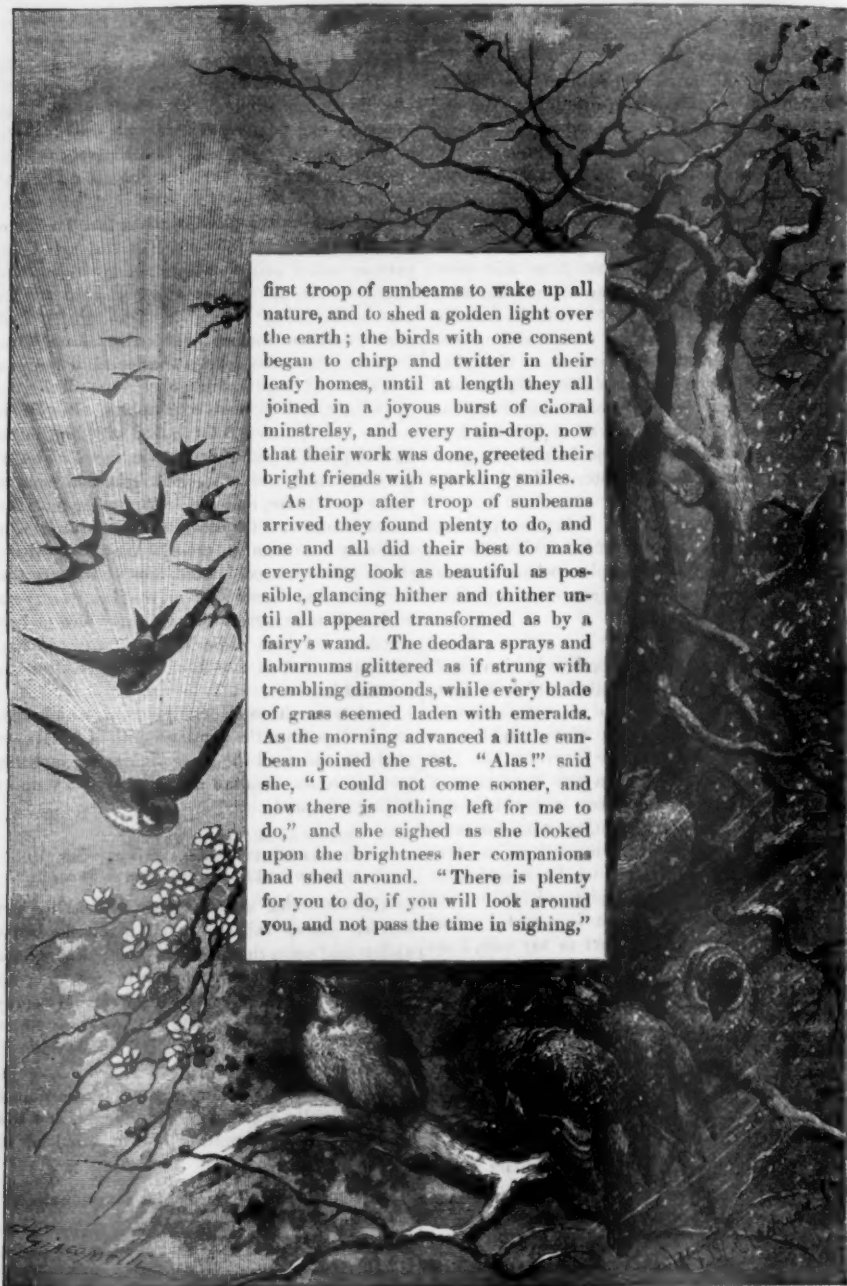
Such were the melancholy strains which arose on all sides, until the gentler month of April came softly in and took the place of March; and now, just before the break of day, there was a sound of falling rain, and

"A bird awakened in its nest,
Gave a faint twitter of unrest,
Then smoothed its plumes, and slept again,"

as the soft April shower gently washed the ivy-leaves. Many rain-drops fell upon the bed of violets and upon the primrose-buds; others, more aspiring, remained upon every branch, twig and leaf of the laburnums, or upon the feathery sprays of the graceful deodara, while many were content to nestle amongst the tiny blades of grass upon the lawn; others splashed with all their force against the window-panes, their constant succession, as they gradually grew bigger and bigger, and then wavered and fell, putting one in mind of the Scotch at Flodden—

"Each one stepping where his comrade stood
The instant that he fell,"

so determined were they that not a speck of dust should remain for the sun's bright rays to light upon. Thus the April shower had been very busy, and the earth, as if to thank it, sent up a pleasant smell, and the violets nodded with delight, until the rain-drops trembled in their blue cups. Then the glorious sun arose, and flashed forth its



first troop of sunbeams to wake up all nature, and to shed a golden light over the earth; the birds with one consent began to chirp and twitter in their leafy homes, until at length they all joined in a joyous burst of choral minstrelsy, and every rain-drop, now that their work was done, greeted their bright friends with sparkling smiles.

As troop after troop of sunbeams arrived they found plenty to do, and one and all did their best to make everything look as beautiful as possible, glancing hither and thither until all appeared transformed as by a fairy's wand. The deodara sprays and laburnums glittered as if strung with trembling diamonds, while every blade of grass seemed laden with emeralds. As the morning advanced a little sunbeam joined the rest. "Alas!" said she, "I could not come sooner, and now there is nothing left for me to do," and she sighed as she looked upon the brightness her companions had shed around. "There is plenty for you to do, if you will look around you, and not pass the time in sighing,"

returned a bright sunbeam, who had been the most active of them all. "You may go where I was going; I can find something else to do. Do you see that small cottage? There is only one pane of glass in the little window; all the rest is patched up with paper and rags. Go into the bare room; you will find a poor woman asleep. Do not wake her; she has had no rest all

night, for her sick baby has kept her awake. The child is stirring; go and dance on the wall and keep it amused whilst the mother sleeps."

Away flew the little sunbeam; how she danced and flashed about, and how the child watched her as it lay quite still, now and then softly cooing to itself. At last the sun had passed on, and the sunbeam had to leave the cottage, but not before the mother had had a refreshing sleep.

The little sunbeam was now full of energy, and after glancing about, she made her way through a crowded alley on the outskirts of a large town, and settled upon a poor sickly-looking plant that was trying to struggle towards the small quantity of light and air that penetrated into that dingy place.

"Eh, Polly wench, just look!" cried Jim, a poor little lad who had been on that hard stretcher for many a month. "Look, look! a wee bit of sunshine has got to my daisy plant, the first bit that has come here for ever so long. It will make my daisy think of its own pretty home that mother tell'd us of. Wouldn't you like to see it, Polly?"

"Eh, to be sure, Jim," returned Polly, a small child of ten, who had been left to take care of her brother while the mother was away for a day's washing. "Mother says," she continued, "that if you are better she will take both of us with her next time she goes hop-picking. But eh, Jim, shouldn't I like to be going now! Mother says that there's yellow, and blue, and white, and pink flowers in the hedges, and ever so many daisies," and little Polly's eyes glistened with delight at the thought.

The two children continued to talk of the flowers and the sunny lanes, and what they would do when they really saw them, until Jim's eyes gradually closed, and then in his dreams he fancied that he was already wandering amongst the green nooks that he longed so to see.

The sunbeam had to pass on her way, and many a place did she brighten as the day wore on; one of the last things she did just before the sun set was to flicker around a bunch of violets, the last left in a poor girl's basket. The girl was feeling rather sorrowful that she would not now be able to sell them, as it was getting late, and few people were about. She did so want one more penny to add to the eleven she had already gained. As she slowly turned the corner of the street the sunbeam glanced upon the flowers, and at the same time she came upon a little girl and her mother. "Oh, mother dear, look at those lovely violets!" cried the child. "May I buy them?" And as the mother smiled her consent she took up the violets. Something in the poor girl's sad, wistful face made her slip a bright new shilling into her hand, and before a word could be said she had joined her mother. The poor girl gazed upon the coin as it lay glittering in her hand, and, with a sigh of thankfulness, went on her way. Then the

bright sunbeam flew back to God to give an account of all she had done through the day to lighten the life of His creatures, and He said, "Well done."

TO YOUNG MEN.

HOME AND CHOICE OF A WIFE.

Home—"The dearest spot on earth."

"A man is always nearest to good at home, and farthest from it when away."—*Holland.*

"If thou art to have a wife of thy youth, she is now living on the earth; therefore think of her, and pray for her, though thou hast not seen her!"

"Seek a good wife of thy God, for she is the best gift of his Providence.

Suffer not trifles to win thy love, for a wife is thine unto death."—*Tupper.*

I HAD been reading Dr. Holland's inimitable chapter on Home to some of my young friends, and one very earnest, thoughtful face was turned toward mine, as I closed the book. "Do you know," said he, "that I believe we have the best home and mother in the world? I wonder—"

"What, Charley?"

"If I shall ever have as good a wife?"

"It is not impossible, Charley," I replied, "but such wives and mothers are rare. You must do your best to deserve them, and prepare for such a home and wife. They will come in time if you do your part well."

"I believe we boys have always felt home to be the best place, thanks to the taste, thoughtful love, and consideration for our feelings, that father and mother have always shown us; but I never realized it fully, until I went home with a college friend. Such a home! The house is large enough, and has more furniture in it than ours, but it seems a place merely to eat and sleep in after all. My friend's room was bare of a comfort or a pretty thing. 'Mother thinks boys are so rough and horrid, that it doesn't pay to fix up our berth. Boys aren't good for much anyhow. It takes the girls to get the nice fixin's,' he explained to me.

"It doesn't at our house. We fare as well as our sisters every time. I tell you what," continued Charley, "Mother has always treated us as though we were gentlemen, since we were knee high, and it's going to make gentlemen of us. Why we wouldn't disappoint her for the world!"

How much there is in that! thought I. If parents would only treat their children with as much courtesy as they show their guests, there would be far less occasion to reprove for vulgarity, rudeness and disorder. Give a boy a room with as many comforts and tasteful arrangements as you can possibly muster, and he will be a strange boy indeed, if he does not reward you

fourfold. If there is anything in this world that serves as a beacon-light, compass, and rudder, across the dangerous sea of life, it is the memory of a good and gentle mother—a well regulated and happy home. Its influence will gird a young man with moral safety as a bulwark, and for the want of these precious home associations, many a young man has made a wreck of his manhood.

Surely, then, a young man's highest ambition should be the establishment and maintenance of such a home, which shall be the reservoir of his best life, and a perennial fountain of joy.

But let me say to the young man whose eyes shall glance over this page, your home will depend largely upon what you are yourself. You have no right to expect your home to be better and happier than you are. If you are good, generous and genial, your home will partake largely of yourself; so likewise, if you are selfish, crabbed and disagreeable.

The structure and choosing of the home that is to be, is the most momentous step a man is ever called to take. You should carry with you into it, every influence that has been ennobling and delightful in your childhood's home, and improve upon it all you can besides. Of course you cannot make this home alone, and she who is to help you rear the temple, should not be chosen for trifles, since she is to be prime mover and keeper thereof. See then, that there is adaptation and fitness, a sweet temper and fervent love. Then consecrate your life to her and home. Bring into this vestibule of love, a deep unselfishness, and a purity like crystal. A young man ought to scorn to bring to his wife, a heart that has flirted with a dozen girls, or a body impure from evil thoughts and practices. Think not lightly of these things. There is a solemn grandeur in the path before you. The soil is rich in possibilities: but as you sow you will reap—rarest flowers or pestilential weeds.

Novel as the idea may seem, believe me you will best attain a manhood fit to offer a pure-souled woman, by cherishing in your breast, through all the years of youth, an *ideal wife*. "I know all about that 'child-wife'—my ideal wife," said Charley, in response to this spoken thought. "She has grown up beside me. I shall never marry till I find her, but I am sure she lives, as perfect as my dream. For her I have studied, worked and planned, and daily prayed for her weal. By her, I have guided my habits and principles, and if ever tempted into anything wicked, vulgar or impure, have blushed lest she should see or feel it! You cannot think what a safeguard it has been, Auntie," said he with real emotion.

"God bless you, Charley, and help you to find her," I replied, with an overflowing heart.

"I'm sure He will," was answered, reverently.

What do you think of that, boys? Somewhere upon the earth, his wife to be, is living. Would not you, too, do well to think much of her, plan and labor for her, and mould your lives into purity and excellence for her sake? Might not you, too, find it a safeguard against temptation, and a powerful stimulus to attain all that is worthy and complete in a perfect manhood?

Remember that the influence of a noble woman is heavenly, and can draw you heavenward; and home as it should be, is only a faint type of that celestial land where every pure affection is cemented for eternity.

Yours, for Beautiful Homes,
MRS. HELEN H. S. THOMPSON.

THE PLEASURES OF IDEALITY.

"Formerly it was the fashion to preach the natural, now it is the ideal. People too often forget that these things are profoundly compatible; that in a beautiful work of imagination the natural should be ideal, and the ideal natural." SCHLEGEL.

RECENTLY I visited a friend residing in a stately old mansion, whose oak-pannelled walls, adorned with portraits of many generations, told a tale of the past. Lord Dunmore's clock, standing in the hall, seemed a fitting accompaniment, its clear, sonorous notes at each stroke seeming to say, "Gone, gone, gone." The dwelling stood on a gentle green declivity, a small lake-like sheet of water at the foot of the hill, over which came the full rich notes of the ancient organ which stood in the parlor, reminding one of that at Ranom, in Miss Bremer's "Neighbors," from which Bruno drew such grand and pathetic notes.

Everything conspired to put me into an ideal mood when my friend entered, bringing to me a suit of clothes worn before the Revolutionary War at the court of Williamsburg, by one of her ancestors. Short, crimson breeches, long doublet and brilliant knee-buckles, together with an elegant brocade, richly figured, worn by his wife. I tried to imagine this worthy pair in these costumes at Williamsburg court, endowing them with every possible fine characteristic. The husband, a frank, brave, generous cavalier, like another Cincinnati, leaving his paternal estate to sit in the House of Burgesses; the wife, on an equality with the high-born dames of Williamsburg, a noble woman, who in the olden time reared her children like a Roman matron, looking well at the same time to the ways of her household, dispensing, too, so pleasantly the elegant hospitalities of her well-spread board.

I almost wished that I had lived in that period, which is now to us so fraught with poetry and romance; but I remembered that the writer of "Happy Thoughts," expressing such a sentiment, on being asked for his reasons, could give no better

ones than "that the people then said Gadso, and by my halidome," in those days.

When at length I descended from my pedestal, I could not help feeling thankful for the gift of ideality, which is like a rich fringe or tessellated border to the common affairs of life, not only investing the present with romance and poetry, but by it the past is hallowed; and though in some characters it exists to excess, still it purifies and softens the heart, and even when somewhat misplaced, it does good to the possessor. The feeling is so amiable, that I never wish to throw a shadow on anything either in the past or in the present that is revered by another.

The Attic Philosopher, in the excursion to Versailles with the good primitive old sisters Frances and Madeleine, saw them pick up there bits of the most common china, carefully putting them away, saying: "We have here specimens of china used only in the palaces of kings." And though he knew their error, he had not the cruelty to dispel the innocent illusion.

An ambrotype or photograph! No more romance or sentiment surrounds it, and it is no more than sublime music as Beethoven played on a grinding organ. But an oil painting impresses us differently, and we now look with reverence on even the copies of Sir Joshua Reynolds's pictures. How touching that of Penelope Boothby! How lovely in her quaint dress and cumbersome head-gear; and her picture, taken in connection with her wonderful childhood and her early death, how pathetic, proving the truth of the sentiment since expressed by Mrs. Beecher Stowe, in writing of Evangeline St. Clair, that "the history of such children is always written on gravestones."

I remember, in my early days of childhood, a noble lady, a grand-niece of General Washington, who went to a distinguished artist to sit for her portrait, an oil painting, this vivacious lady saying to him: "Make me as handsome as your conscience will allow you, for I do not care for an exact resemblance; I only wish my descendants to say in after-years, 'Oh, what a handsome woman my grandmother must have been!'"

The feeling of ideality is much increased by imagination. I know of a case in which the hair of a beloved son, sent to a jeweller to put in a locket, was lost, and its place supplied from the barber's shop opposite, who furnished hair of a similar hue, the family of the deceased never suspecting the exchange. Whilst a widow lady of my acquaintance each week visits and strews with flowers the grave of one whom she imagines her only son, who was killed in one of the battles before Richmond. A long time elapsing before the body could be sent to its home in upper Virginia, and much difficulty and doubt about its being identified, it was with many persons a matter of doubt whether it in reality was the body of the young

man. Yet this widowed mother, ignorant of all this, each week visits this tomb with fresh flowers, returning to her diminished household with a softened and subdued heart, more consecrated to the living.

But I am growing sombre, and I will try to lighten my sketch by something more akin to mirth, and refer to the various relics cherished by different individuals.

A relation, a few years since, purchased at a high price an antique clock, not because it was his "grandfather's clock," but that it closely resembled the one he had been accustomed to see at the dwelling of the good man in years past who stood in that relationship to himself.

The senior partner of Quirk, Gammon, and Snap in "Ten Thousand a Year," chose as precious relics those associated with the worst criminals, particularly bits of rope with which they had been hanged. Whilst autographs of distinguished persons and locks of hair are in such demand that Charles Dickens on his first visit to Richmond was seriously annoyed by applications for the former, whilst a distinguished lecturer on Temperance has complained bitterly of the demand made for his hair, which was thus materially thinned as well as disfigured.

I shall conclude this sketch with an incident, showing how much ideality acts on those of a fervid poetic temperament. Many years since, before the age of steam and telegraph, my excellent aunt, D. M. C., well known and appreciated not in Virginia, her native place, but in the North, was returning to Richmond from a visit to Philadelphia under the care of the Rt. Reverend Bishop Moore, and they accepted an invitation given some weeks previous to dine at Mount Vernon. Arriving there early in the day, my aunt felt so much excited at the idea of being at the home of Washington, the Father of his country, that she determined to visit his tomb alone. Without making any inquiries, she proceeded through the grounds till she reached a small building covered with evergreens which she took for granted was the last resting-place of General Washington. After shedding a few patriotic tears and experiencing much exalted emotion, she plucked a bunch of evergreens, and at dinner whispered to Bishop Moore what she had done.

Late in the evening, it was proposed for the whole party to visit the tomb, which was entirely in a different direction from the place she had that morning visited. She was much surprised and she intended keeping silent; but Bishop Moore with great simplicity called out: "Why Deborah, where are the evergreens of which you told me? I see none here." But my aunt unobtrusively retired without giving him any explanation, and on her return to the mansion she ascertained that she had wept over the ice-house!

MRS. CLIFFORD CABELL.

BEAUTY.

"**B**EAUTIFUL!" exclaimed Mary Marvel, with a toss of the head and a slight curl of her cherry lips. "There isn't a good feature in her face."

"And yet, I think her beautiful," was the calm reply of Mrs. Hartley.

"Why, aunt! Where are your eyes?"

"Just where they have always been, my child."

"Agnes is a good girl," said Mary, speaking in a less confident manner. "Every one knows this; but, as to being handsome, that is altogether another thing."

"Is there not a beauty in goodness, Mary?" asked Mrs. Hartley, in her low, quiet way, as she looked; with her calm eyes into the young girl's face.

"Oh, yes, of course there is, aunt. But the beauty of goodness is one thing, and beauty of the face another."

"The former generally makes itself visible in the latter. In a pure, unselfish, loving heart, lives the very spirit of beauty."

"Oh, yes, aunt. All that we know. But, let the spirit be ever so beautiful, it cannot re-mould the homely countenance; the ill-formed mouth, the ugly nose, the wedge-shaped chin must remain to offend the eye of taste."

"Do you think Miss Williams very homely?" asked Mrs. Hartley.

"She is deformed, aunt."

"Well?"

"She has no personal beauty whatever."

"Do you think of this when you are with her?"

"Not now. But, when I first saw her, she so offended my eyes that I could hardly remain in the room where she was."

"You do not see her deformity now?"

"I rarely think of it."

"The spirit of beauty in her heart has thrown a veil over her person."

"It may be so, aunt. One thing is certain, I love her."

"More than you do Ellen Lawson?"

"I can't bear Ellen Lawson!" The whole manner of the young girl expressed repugnance.

"And yet, Ellen, by common consent, is acknowledged to be beautiful."

"She's pretty enough; but I don't like her. Proud, vain, ill-tempered. Oh dear! These spoil everything."

"In other words, the deformity of her spirit throws a veil over the beauty of her person."

"Explain it as you will, aunt. Enough, that Ellen Lawson is no favorite of mine. Whenever I gaze into her brilliant eyes, something looks out of them that causes me to shrink from her."

The conversation between Mary Marvel and her

aunt was interrupted at this point by the entrance of a visitor.

Mary was passing through her twentieth summer. She was handsome; and she knew it. No wonder, then, that she was vain of her good looks. And being vain, no wonder that, in attiring her person, she thought less of maidenly good taste than of effects which quickly attract the eye.

She had beautiful hair, that curled naturally; and so, when dressed for company, a perfect shower of glossy ringlets played ostentatiously about her freely exposed snowy neck and shoulders, causing the eyes of many to rest upon and follow her, whose eyes a modest maiden might wish to have turned away. In fact, Mary's attire, which was generally a little in excess, so set off her showy person that it was scarcely possible for her to be in company without becoming the observed of all observers, and drawing around her a group of gay young men, ever ready to offer flattering attentions and deal in flattering words, where such things are taken in the place of truth and sincerity.

Such, with a substratum of good sense, good principles and purity of character, was Mary Marvel.

Some few days after the conversation with which this sketch opens occurred, Mary was engaged in dressing for an evening party, when her aunt came into her room.

"How do I look, aunt?" enquired Mary, who had nearly completed her toilet.

Mrs. Hartley shook her head and looked grave.

"What's the matter, aunt? Am I over-dressed as you say, again?"

"I would rather say, under-dressed," replied the aunt. "But, you are not, certainly, going in this style?"

"How do you mean?" And Mary threw a glance of satisfaction into her mirror.

"You intend wearing your lace cape?"

"Oh, dear, no!"

Mary's neck and shoulders were too beautiful to be hidden even under a film of gossamer

"Nor under-sleeves?"

"Why aunt! How you talk!"

"Where are your combs?"

Mary tossed her head until every freed ringlet danced in the brilliant light, and fluttered around her spotless neck.

"Ah, child!" sighed Mrs. Hartley; "this is all an error, depend upon it. Attire like yours never won for any maiden that manly respect of which the heart has reason to be proud."

"Oh, aunt! Why will you talk so? Do you really think that I am so weak as to dress with the mere end of attracting attention? You pay me a poor compliment!"

"Then why do you dress in a manner so unbecoming?"

"I think it very becoming!" And Mary threw her eyes again upon the mirror.

"Time, I trust, will correct your error," said Mrs. Hartley, speaking partly to herself; for experience had taught her how futile it was to attempt to influence her niece in a matter like this.

And so, in her "undress," as Mrs. Hartly made free to call her scanty garments, Mary went to spend the evening in a fashionable company, her head filled with the vain notion that she would, on that occasion at least carry off the palm of beauty. And something more than simple vanity was stirring in her heart. There was to be a guest at the party in whose eyes she especially desired to appear lovely—and that was a young man named Percival, whom she had met a few times, and who was just such a one as a maiden might well wish to draw to her side. At a recent meeting, Percival had shown Mary more than ordinary attentions; in fact, the beauty of her person and graces of her mind had made upon his feelings more than a passing impression.

On entering the rooms, where a large portion of the company were already assembled, Mary produced as she had expected and desired, some little sensation, and was soon surrounded by a circle of gay young men. Among these, however, she did not meet Percival. It was, perhaps, half an hour after her arrival, that Mary's eyes rested on the form of him she had been looking for ever since her entrance. He was standing alone in a distant part of the room, and was evidently regarding her with fixed attention. She blushed, and her heart beat quicker as she discovered this. Almost instantly a group of young persons came between her and Percival, and she did not see him again for some twenty minutes. Then he was sitting by the side of Agnes Gray, the young lady to whom her aunt referred as being beautiful, and whom she regarded with very different ideas. Agnes wore a muslin dress, that fitted close to the neck; her beautiful hair was neatly but not showily arranged, and had a single ornament, which was not conspicuous.

For the first time an impression of beauty in Agnes affected the mind of Miss Marvel. She had been listening to something said by Mr. Percival, and was just in the act of replying, when Mary's eyes rested upon her; and then the inward beauty of her pure spirit so filled every feature of her face, that she looked the impersonation of loveliness. A sigh heaved the bosom of Mary Marvel, and from that moment her proud self-satisfaction vanished.

An hour passed, and yet Percival did not seek her in the crowd, though during that time he had danced not only with Agnes Gray but with one or two others.

It was towards the close of the evening, and

Mary, dispirited and weary, was sitting near one of the doors that opened from the drawing-room, when she heard her name mentioned in an undertone by a person standing in the hall. She listened involuntarily. The remark was,

"I hardly know whether to pronounce Miss Marvel beautiful or not."

The person answering this remark was Percival, and his words were:

"I once thought her beautiful. But that was before I met one more truly beautiful."

"Ah! Who has carried off the palm in your eyes?"

"You have seen Agnes Lee?"

"Oh, yes. But she is not as handsome as Miss Marvel."

"She has not such regular features; but the more beautiful spirit within shines forth so radiantly as to throw around her person the very atmosphere of beauty; so artless, so pure, so innocent. To me she is the realization of my best dreams of maiden loveliness."

"Miss Marvel," remarked the other, "spoils everything by her vanity and love of display. She dresses in shocking bad taste."

"Shocking to me!" said Percival. "Really, her arms, neck, and bosom are so much exposed that I cannot go near her. I would almost blush to look into her face. And yet, I respect and esteem her highly. Pity that personal vanity should spoil one who has so many good qualities—so much to win our love and admiration."

The young men moved away and Mary heard no more. Enough however had reached her ears to overwhelm her with pain and mortification. She soon after retired from the company. The rest of the night was spent in weeping.

The lesson was severe, but salutary. When Percival next met Mary Marvel, her dress and manners were much more to his taste; but she had changed too late to win him to her side, for his heart now worshipped at another shrine.

A CURIOUS slip has occurred in a catalogue issued by a well-known bookseller. A work on block-printing is said to contain "sixty-nine engravings either from wood or metal, twelve of which bear inscriptions representing scenes of Christian mythology, figures of patriarchs, saints, devils, and other dignitaries of the Church."

HE KNEW HIS BUSINESS.—A certain New Yorker never has money enough on hand to pay his bills. A few days ago he bought a pair of boots on credit. "How much are they?" "Five dollars if you buy on credit, as usual, but ten dollars if you pay de cash down." "How is that?" "Vell, you see," said the simple-minded German, "Ven I sells on credit I knows it is a dead loss, so I makes de loss so shmall as possible."

ON THE BORDER.

THOSE who go out into the great Western Wilds, as the "advance guard of civilization," may learn to look upon danger merely as a recreation, but there is one form of peril which causes the stoutest heart to turn faint with dread and apprehension, and whitens the face of men who would stand as firm as the rock, in the presence of any other danger, and it is to this form that our story refers.

Away out in the Snake River country, miles away from every other white settler, Peter Hastings had built his cabin, where the vast extent of unbroken prairie promised fertile pasturage for a lifetime, and untold wealth when years had increased his flocks, and made the beautiful site where his cabin now stood the centre of a thriving settlement.

Eight years had passed away, and his hopes had every prospect of realization, distant though it might be—for a few daring spirits like himself had been attracted by the glowing descriptions which he wrote them, and twenty families were already settled upon an area of a dozen square miles, and many more were to follow.

Four children had been born in that little cabin, one boy, and three girls.

The son was the pride and joy of the father's heart. He was now seven years of age. He was a diminutive little creature, scarcely larger than an ordinary child of five, but active and intelligent far beyond his years. Almost as soon as he could sit alone, the father had accustomed him to ride on horseback, taking him along when he went to look after the herds, so that the saddle might almost have been said to have been his cradle, and now, he rode as fearlessly, and performed as many daring feats as a man, while the Indians looked admiringly, almost enviously at the quaint little figure that rode so bravely, without the least sign of fear; and the child delighted to exhibit his daring in their presence, and to hear them say, "*Ugh, Little Brave.*"

"Papa, if you can drive up the main herd without me, I can go after the young cattle alone," said the little fellow one afternoon, as they were preparing to go after the cattle, which had to be driven into a corral, to protect them from the attacks of wild animals which descended from the timber-covered mountains (which rose thirty miles to the westward), and prowled about at night in search of prey.

"I am afraid it will be quite an undertaking for you," said the father, smiling at the child who drew himself up to his greatest height in the vain attempt to look large.

"I could do it well enough; don't you see how I am growing every day?" asked the child complacently.

"Well, you may try it this time, but be sure and come home before dark, even if you should not get all the cattle," said the father.

"My herd will be corralled before yours is," replied the boy, as he ran to lead out his own fleet pony, before his father went away, for he was not tall enough to saddle it himself.

Two miles north of the cabin was a deep ravine, and on the prairie between, the younger cattle were accustomed to graze, sometimes scattering out to the distance of four or five miles, but seldom crossing it. There was no human habitation between the cabin and the mountains, and no other settlement within seventy miles. The main herd were grazing away to the south, and the father rode out toward them, after seeing the child start upon his way.

The cattle were scattered over a larger area than usual, and it took longer to collect them alone than when the active little rider was there to turn them according to his directions, so that it was dark before he reached home.

To his surprise and alarm, he found the little girls alone, and they informed him that about sundown the pony had returned from the direction of the ravine without Willie, and the mother had rode back in search of him. Quickly lighting his lantern, and telling the children to remain within the cabin and keep the doors closed, Mr. Hastings followed in the direction taken by his wife. They searched the prairie where the cattle had been grazing, calling anxiously, but received no answer. They descended the ravine for some distance but found only a small track leading out of it.

Mr. Hastings then persuaded his wife to return to the other children, while he went for help to renew the search. What pen can describe the feelings of that mother, as she rode home through the dim starlight, with every nerve strung to its utmost tension, and heart beating almost audibly as the occasional howl of the wolf or coyote fell upon her ear?

Messengers hastened from house to house, and before midnight every man in the settlement was out with a lantern, trusting that so many lights would at least keep the wild beasts at a distance, even though they did not find the child, for if he was only lost, they thought he would wander about until tired out and then lie down upon the prairie and sleep till morning. Daylight came at last, and they found where the pony had been tied to a clump of bushes near the ravine. They searched every crevice into which he could have possibly fallen, but with no result. Then they formed into a party for a more extended search, with Paul Foster, the old trapper, who had passed his life upon the frontier for a leader. They rode over the prairie in every direction as far as they thought it possible that he could have wandered,

but all to no purpose, the little fellow was no where to be seen.

They met for consultation, and the old trapper said, "Boys, I can tell you this much about it, the child hasn't fallen into any of the crevices o' that ravine. I know he's a venturesome little fellow, but his eye is as clear as an eagle's, and his nerves as steady as iron, and he'd scale every rock in that gorge without fallin'; and he wasn't killed by bein' throwed off from the pony; its plain enough that he tied the critter before anything happened to him. Neither has he been devoured by wild varmints, for we would have found some trace of it; what's left for us to do now, is to circle out and see what *has* went with him."

At that moment one of the party who had been farther out than the rest, rode up with a little piece of braided straw, about three inches in length.

"It is a piece of his hat! I would know it anywhere, the very one that his mother braided for him," exclaimed the father, eagerly snatching it from the man's hand.

"Show us where you found it," said the trapper, and the whole party set off at a gallop in the direction from which the man came. He showed them the place, but there was nothing more to be seen. The trapper tore a strip from his red cotton handkerchief, and left it fluttering from the top of a tall reed, to mark the place.

They rode in circles round the spot for some time, and at length one of the party picked up a similar piece. The pale and haggard face of the father lighted up with mingled hope and excitement, but there was no trace of any person having been there, and again the trapper marked the place.

It was not long until another piece was found and another, and every time the trapper left a piece of the handkerchief waving from the top of a reed.

"Boys," he said at length, "it's been plain enough to my mind for some time that the child is not alone. Just look back along the row of weeds with the red rags fluttering from the tops, and you'll see that the trail leads in a straight line towards the mountains. Now do you think that a child that's lost, and wanderin' round in bewilderment, would take a straight cut like that? Not by a long ways; but his head's as clear, and his wits as keen as the wildest scout that ever followed a trail. That boy will make a general some day. Not one young one in a thousand would have thought of scattering that straw to give us a clue, and we must follow it up lively, for if he is carried among the mountains, we'll have hard work to find him, for the rocks are full of hiding places."

Acting upon his suggestion, they rode rapidly on, mile after mile, farther it seemed than the child could possibly have walked, finding pieces

of the straw every now and then, while the men endeavored to cheer the heart of the anxious father by assuring him that it was plainly evident that "the little chap was alive and sensible."

At length, away in the distance, so far off that it seemed a mere speck upon the bright green of the prairie, the eagle-eye of the trapper discovered a dark moving object.

"There's the varmint that's carryin' off yer boy," he exclaimed excitedly. "Now two of yer had better rest your horses, and ride back and tell the mother that we've struck the right trail, while the rest of us keep on and try to overhaul the critter before it gits in among the hills; and right lively we'll have to be, for we've got about seven miles to ride, with the boy four miles ahead of us, if my eye can measure the distance aright. *Steady now!*" he shouted, as the father urged his horse to a run. "That animal can't hold out to git mor'en half way there, if that's the way you're goin' to ride; take a gait that we can keep, or the game's lost." Striking out in an even gallop the trapper led the way, and after half an hour's steady riding, they could see that the "object" was an Indian woman, apparently carrying something swung over her back.

She had discovered her pursuers, and was making every exertion to reach the shelter of the wooded hills before they could overtake her, and although every moment lessened the distance between them, it also shortened the trail between her and the hiding places.

The sun was already low in the west, and once upon her chosen ground, and under the cover of darkness, all search would be unavailing before the morning dawned, and by that time she might be miles away; besides, if closely pursued, she might drop the child into some deep fissure in the rocks, from whence no human power could rescue him.

"We'll have to make this last mile a *leetle* quicker, or the game is lost," said the trapper, and urging the horses to their utmost speed for a final effort, they dashed on. But they had passed the smooth even surface of the prairie, and the ground was rough and broken. It was impossible for the tired horses to maintain their former speed, and before they could reach her, the squaw had disappeared among the rocks.

They were very close, however, and quickly dismounting they began a hurried search, and soon discovered her, apparently nearly exhausted, but the burden which they had distinctly seen upon her back was gone.

"Where's my boy?" demanded the father; but the hideous looking creature made no reply.

"We've no time to fool with her, boys. Pint your rifles right at her," said the trapper. In an instant a dozen rifles were leveled at the creature's breast.

"Now you go an' git that papoose, an' be quick about it, or we'll leave you here for wolves an' wildcats to battle over," said the trapper.

In spite of all the storied bravery of the Indian race, they are no more anxious for a free pass to the happy hunting-grounds than any other class of people; and the squaw looked for a single instant into the muzzles of the loaded guns, then at the determined faces of the men, and without moving a muscle of her stolid features, she led the way to a crevice in the rocks, completely obscured from view by moss and overhanging vines, and drew forth a large sack, and, opening it, displayed the figure of the lost child. His hands were tied, and a dirty rag had been stuffed into his mouth to prevent his making any outcry.

A single instant sufficed to snatch the rag from his mouth and to cut the cords that bound his hands; and as he looked up to his father with an expression of grateful recognition, the man who would not flinch from combat with the prowling panther or grizzled bear, clasped the child in his arms, and staggered back against the rocks, too weak to support his own weight.

"I knew you would come, father; and when I saw you away back yonder on the prairie, I knew that you had found the pieces of my hat; but when she tied my hands and stuffed that greasy rag in my mouth, and jammed me between the rocks, I was afraid you could not find me," sobbed the little fellow, as he wound his arms around his father's neck, and pressed his face against the sun-browned cheek.

"My boy, my own brave little man—it was no wonder the Indians wanted him," said the father.

When he had sufficiently recovered from his excitement to be able to tell his story, he said: "I missed one of the herd, and tied the pony to a bush while I went down into the ravine to look for it. When I came back, the squaw was untying the pony, and I thought she wanted to steal him. I ran up and struck him as hard as I could with my whip, and he jerked away from her and ran home, as I thought he would. She turned round and looked at me for a moment, then said, 'Ugh, little Brave!' and took me up and stuffed me into a sack, and swung me over her shoulder and started off. I kicked all I could, and tried to bite, but she went right along. I thought she was going to travel all night; but after a long time she stopped and took me out of the sack, and tied me so that I could not run away; then she went to sleep. As soon as it was light she put me into the sack again and started; but she let me have my head out; and when I thought how you would be looking everywhere, and not know which way I had gone, I felt so badly; and then I thought of my hat, and I had dropped a great many pieces before she found it out. I saw the horses when you first came in sight. She saw you, too; and

then she jammed me down into the sack again, and tied it up; but when she stuffed that nasty rag into my mouth, and pushed me into that narrow place, I did wish you'd hurry."

They found a convenient camping-ground, and some of the men started a fire and prepared to cook the evening meal, which depended upon the success of those who went out in search of game. They were not disappointed, however, and ere long each member of the party was engaged in broiling a slice of venison upon the end of a long stick held over the fire, while the squaw was tied to a tree, awaiting her share of the repast. After supper they questioned what disposal to make of the squaw; but she settled the matter herself by eluding their vigilance and making her escape.

Early on the following morning they were in their saddles, and before night the party arrived at the home of Hastings, where they were received with unbounded rejoicing by the family and sympathizing neighbors who had gathered there to console the mother during the trying hour of suspense. And every mother throughout the settlement kept a closer watch upon her own treasures, feeling sure that the copper-colored woman must covet such sweet little darlings as theirs undoubtedly were. ISADORE ROGERS.

DISCHARGED FOR HONESTY.—A country gentleman, says a Boston paper, placed a son with a merchant in — street, and for a season all went on well. But, at length, the young man sold a dress to a lady, and as he was folding it up, he observed a flaw in the silk, and remarked, "Madame, I deem it my duty to tell you there is a fracture in the silk." This spoiled the bargain. But the merchant overheard the remark; and had he reflected a moment, he might have reasoned thus with himself: "Now I am safe, while my affairs are committed to the hands of an *honest* clerk." But he was not pleased; so he wrote immediately to the father to come and take him home; for, said he, "*he will never make a merchant!*"

The father, who had brought up his son with the strictest care, was not a little surprised and grieved, and hastened to the city to ascertain wherein his son had been deficient. Said the anxious father, "And why will he not make a merchant?"

"Because he has no tact. Only a day or two since, he *voluntarily* told a lady who was buying silk, that the goods were damaged, and so I lost the bargain. Purchasers must look out for themselves. If they cannot discover flaws, it will be foolishness in me to tell them of their existence."

"And is this all the fault?"

"Yes: he is very well in other respects."

"Then I love my son better than ever; and I thank you for telling me of the matter; I would not have him in your store another day for the world."

DIVORCED.

CHAPTER XVII.

FRUITLESS were all Mr. Waverly's efforts to find the mother and child. Days, weeks and months passed, during which time all available means were used to discover their hiding-place. A year went by, and yet the separation remained as perfect as if death had interposed his gloomy barrier. Sadder and more silent had grown the unhappy man. For nearly the whole of this time the search for Ada had been kept up with the most untiring assiduity, to the almost total abstraction of his mind from business. But, at length, wearied and hopeless, he gave up all active efforts, and paused to see what time would bring forth.

Another year went by, the second since Mr. Waverly had lost his child, and still no tidings of the absent one had reached his anxious ears. One day, about this time, as he was leaving his store, a man in the dress of a farmer met him, and said,

"Do I speak with Mr. Waverly?"

"That is my name," replied the merchant.

"Then I should like to say a few words to you."

The manner of the countryman showed that he had something of importance to communicate. The thought of Mr. Waverly instantly went to his absent child, and as instantly his state of mind was disturbed.

"Walk in, sir," he said, in a voice that marked this disturbance.

Without further utterance on either side, Mr. Waverly and the countryman walked back the full length of the store, until they came to a little private office. On entering this, the door was closed by the merchant.

"Take a chair, sir."

Mr. Waverly's voice was unsteady.

The countryman obeyed, and the merchant took another chair and sat down immediately in front of him.

"Well, sir? What is your business?"

There was an effort on Mr. Waverly's part to seem calm and self-possessed.

The countryman now became embarrassed. Some hesitation ensued; then he said,

"Perhaps I am wrong in this."

"Wrong in what?" Mr. Waverly spoke in a quick, imperative tone.

"Wrong in the communication I am about to make. I may have been misinformed."

"My dear sir, come at once to the point! Speak out plainly, right or wrong."

"Have you lost a child?"

Mr. Waverly started, and a flush came into his face.

"Oh, yes! yes!" was his eager reply, bending forward, and grasping the arm of his visitor. "I

have lost a child! Do you know where I can find her?"

"No," replied the man; "but if the child I saw two years ago in possession of a woman is yours, I may be able to give some information that will lead to her recovery."

"Two years ago! Just the time when my dear child was stolen from me! Oh, tell me when you saw her! Tell me all you know!"

"I saw her on the other side of the river," said the countryman.

"A little thing, four or five years old?"

"Yes, sir. And the woman who had her was a thin, pale, sad-looking woman, dressed in mourning."

"The same! The same! Tell me all you know of her."

"I am a farmer, and live near Mount Holly," said the countryman. "It was in November. I had been to the city; and having some business in Camden, stayed there all night. In the morning I started some two hours before daylight, in my wagon, so as to reach home early. A storm had blown up in the night, and the drifting rain came sharply on the wind from the north-east. At first, when I saw how badly it was raining, I thought it better to wait until the morning broke. But, on reflection, concluded to make the best of the time that was before me. So I pushed on.

"I had gone about a mile, when I was suddenly startled by the crying of a child a little ahead on the roadside, and the voice of a woman trying to quiet it. You may be sure I felt strangely. It seemed so unnatural for a woman and child to be at this out-of-the-way place, in a heavy storm, an hour or so before daylight, that I felt a superstitious fear stealing over me. Involuntarily I pulled up my horse.

"O mamma! mamma! It's so dark and cold, and I'm afraid. O mamma! Let us go home!" I now heard distinctly uttered, in the most piteous accents."

Mr. Waverly struck his hands together, and gave an exclamation; then murmured,

"Go on! Go on!"

The farmer continued:

"My superstitious fear was gone in a moment. Speaking to my horse, and touching him with the whip, he started ahead again, and in a moment or two I saw a dark form crouching for shelter under a tree. The crying of the child had ceased.

"Who are you? What are you doing here?" I now called out, as I reigned up my horse once more.

"But there was no answer. We were at the edge of a piece of wood, and the darkness was therefore deeper. I could discern a form, but was not able to trace the outline.

"What are you doing here?" I asked, for the second time.

"O sir," came a faint, imploring voice, "will you let me ride, with my wet and shivering child, for a short distance?"

"I sprang from my wagon instantly, saying as I did so,

"Yes, yes; you shall ride in welcome. But why are you here at such an hour, and in such a storm?"

"She made no answer to this, but came forward, with the child clasped in her arms. As I placed my hands upon her to lift her into the wagon, I could perceive that her drenched garments were of the finest material. She had no shawl around her. In that she had protected, as far as was possible, the child.

"Some poor maniac! I thought to myself—some poor unhappy maniac, who has escaped from her friends.

"Sit here," I said to her kindly, as I fixed for her a place. 'Sit up close against this mattress' (I had been commissioned to buy one for a neighbor), 'and I will lay my great coat over you.'

"Saying which, I drew off my thick overcoat and placed it around her, as she shrank up close to the mattress, still holding her child close to her bosom. Then speaking to my horse, he started on again.

"Where are you going, madam?" I asked, after a short time.

"But I received no answer.

"A little while longer, and then I said,

"Are you not very wet and cold, ma'am?"

"I am wet, but I am beginning to feel warmer now, thanks to your kindness."

"Her words were low and sweet-toned, and they went through and through me.

"Is your child very wet?" I added.

"Not very," she replied, in the same remarkably sweet voice. Indeed, sir, I never heard a sweeter voice."

A passing shadow, deeper than that already on his countenance, glanced across the face of Mr. Waverly, and his body swayed to and fro for a moment or two with a nervous motion.

"Not very," she replied. The former resumed his narrative. "I had her closely wrapped in my shawl."

"Where are you going?" I asked, repeating my first question.

"But she remained silent, as before. Not feeling inclined to press her on this subject, I made no further remark. Silently we rode for nearly an hour, when the dim light of the coming day began to dawn. During all this time, not a murmur was heard from the child. Whether she were sleeping or waking I could not tell. Many strange thoughts and suppositions passed through my mind; but of course, all was mere conjecture. I had no clue by which to unravel the mystery of this singular adventure.

"Are you not cold?" I asked, at length. I wished to gain some intelligence from her, and, to this end, sought to break the silence.

"But she did not move nor reply.

"The light was yet too feeble to enable me to distinguish her person.

"At length it was broad daylight, and as I turned partly around, I could see the form of the woman I had picked up, but not her face. That was bent down so low that I could not make out a single feature. She sat perfectly still, and seemed to be sleeping. All her garments were wet with the drenching rain to which she had been exposed. Her dress was that of a mourner.

"Madam," said I, at length.

"She started, but did not look up.

"How far do you wish to go on this road?" I now enquired.

"It was then that I got the first sight of her countenance, as she raised her head to answer my question. It was, or had been a beautiful face. But, sir, I shall never forget the first impression it made upon me. It was very thin and white, and its look was one of unutterable sadness. The eyes, too, so full of grief and trouble; yet so pure and so innocent! I see them even yet."

Mr. Waverly sighed heavily, but made no remark. The man went on.

"Are you going far on this road?" This question I repeated.

"Yes; some miles, and if you will let me ride with you a little farther, you will do me the greatest favor in the world."

"Her voice was hoarser than when I heard it some time before; yet musical and sweet."

Again Mr. Waverly sighed. How well did he remember that voice! Could he ever forget it?

"It was plain to me that she had taken cold. The calm, yet sad expression of her face, the steadiness of her eyes, and the even tones of her voice, satisfied me that my first suspicion was wrong. These gave not the slightest indication of insanity.

"I go as far as Mount Holly," said I.

"Just the place I wish to reach," she returned, with a sudden change in her manner. "Oh sir! if you will take me all the way.

"That, ma'am, I will do with pleasure," was my almost involuntary reply.

"What a light flashed into her pale face as I said this. I felt strangely. What could it all mean?"

"Don't linger in these details," said Mr. Waverly, interrupting the man. "Go on! Go on! what became of the woman and child? Where are they now?"

"I took them all the way to Mount Holly," replied the countryman, "and left them in Owen's hotel. The woman was sick by this time. She

would not get out of the wagon at any of the stopping-places to dry her clothes, though I urged her often to do so; and so she remained for many hours in her wet garments. I went home and did not return to Mount Holly for two weeks. Then I called at Owen's to ask about her. They told me that she had been very ill for several days; so ill that the doctor had to be called in; but that she was well again and had gone away with her child. They said she appeared to have plenty of money, and bought patterns of dresses and other clothing for herself and child, some of which she had made up in the village, and some of which she took away with her."

"Where did she go when she left Mount Holly?" enquired Mr. Waverly.

"I didn't hear anything more about her," said the man, "for a whole year. And then I learned that about six miles from the village, a strange woman and child were living in the family of a widow lady who owned a farm. I happened over there not long afterwards, and saw her."

"You did! The same woman you picked up on the roadside?"

"Yes, sir; it was the same woman. I am satisfied of that. But she was changed in many things. She wore a plain calico dress, and had something of the air of a person used to the country. Her face was not so pale and haggard as when I last saw her, but rather inclined to cheerfulness in expression. Not until I heard her voice was I clear as to its being the person I had seen before."

"Is she there now?" asked Mr. Waverly in an excited voice.

"That I do not know, sir. I've had no occasion to visit the neighborhood since. She may or she may not be."

Mr. Waverly drew a long breath.

"I heard, while in town to-day," said the countryman, "something about—about—" Here he stammered, and seemed confused.

"Something about my unhappy separation from my wife?"

"Yes, sir," replied the man, much relieved by this question.

"And of the abduction of one of my children?"

"Yes, sir. I heard this to-day, and it struck me that you ought to know about this that I have been relating to you."

"Thank you! Thank you, sir!" said Mr. Waverly, showing much excitement and agitation of manner. "Yes, I ought to know of this. Yes, yes; this is the child so long lost and so long searched for."

"And the woman?" remarked the stranger, looking earnestly at Mr. Waverly. "The woman? Who is she?"

A doubt had flashed over his mind, as to the real humanity of what he had been doing.

"She?" was the reply, made in much bitterness.

"She, sir? Have you not already guessed?"

"She is the child's mother, I presume."

"Yes. She is the wretched woman who destroyed her home, and betrayed those who loved and confided in her. And, not content with this, stole upon me in an unsuspecting hour, and robbed me of my child."

There was a change in the farmer's manner. Some new light seemed breaking in upon his mind. He had risen, and now stood with his eyes upon the floor, in evident embarrassment and irresolution.

"You last saw her a few miles distant from Mount Holly?" said Mr. Waverly.

"Yes, sir."

"About a year since?"

"Yes."

"Do you think she is there now?"

"I do not know anything about her beyond what I have said."

There was a reserve in the countryman's manner in marked contrast with his previous frank communicativeness.

"What is the name of the woman with whom she was living?" asked Mr. Waverly.

"Her name was—let me see?" It was plain that the man was not trying to recollect the name, but debating with himself whether he should answer the question correctly.

"You remember it, of course," said Mr. Waverly, who had not failed to remark the change to which we have referred. His quick perception left him at no loss to comprehend its meaning.

"Yes, yes. Let me see. It is Blair."

"Blair? And her farm is six miles from Mount Holly?"

"Yes."

"In what direction?"

"To the northeast of the village."

"You can take me to the place?"

"Ye—ye—yes. But I am not going to return home until to-morrow."

"You are not?"

"No, sir."

"At what time will you get home to-morrow?"

"Not before night."

"Humph! That won't suit me. I must go at once. Can any one in Mount Holly direct me to the house of Mrs. Blair?"

"Yes, sir. Almost any one."

"What is your name?"

"Clemens, sir. But, I hope you will not mention me in this business. I should not like to be mixed up with it. I am not altogether certain that I have done right."

"Not done right! It is strange that your mind should take this impression! Certainly you have done right. My child was stolen from me two years ago, and now you have come to tell me

where I may find her. Can you make anything wrong out of that? I should think not, my friend.

You say your name is Clemens?"

"Yes, that is my name

"And you live at a short distance from Mount Holly?"

"Yes; a few miles out of the village. But, as I said before, I don't want to be mixed up in this business. It might create a prejudice against me, if anything wrong came of it."

"There can be nothing wrong in a man's getting back his stolen child."

"Stolen is a hard word to use, sir," said the farmer, "if the woman who has it in possession is the child's own mother."

"She has forfeited her title to the name and office," replied Mr. Waverly.

"I know nothing of that. Poor woman! I shall never forget her! I wish I'd known as much as I do now, before I called. I am too quick to act from my first impulses."

"You don't return home to-day," said Mr. Waverly, not appearing to notice the man's last remark.

"No, sir. I will not be home earlier than to-morrow night."

"Very well. I am greatly indebted to you for this information, and will act upon it immediately."

The man stood, in a doubtful state of mind, for some moments, then bowing coldly, he said,

"Good day, sir."

"Good day," returned the merchant.

The farmer moved away with deliberate steps, and, without being re-called by Mr. Waverly, left the store.

CHAPTER XVIII.

IT was nearly sunset, when Mr. Waverly, in a close carriage, accompanied by a friend, drove up to the hotel of Griffith Owen, in the pleasant village of Mount Holly. The landlord, a stout grey headed old man, with a pleasant good-humored face, stepped to the side of the carriage, as the driver reigned up his horses, and opening the door said, in his frank way,

"Good afternoon, gentlemen."

"Mr. Owen, I believe?" returned Mr. Waverly, as he stepped to the ground.

"My name, at your service," said the smiling landlord. "Walk in."

"No, we will not stop now," replied Mr. Waverly. "So soon as your man gives some water to our horses, we must push on again. We have some six miles farther to go. Do you know a Mrs. Blair who lives about that distance from your village?"

"Yes, sir, Very well."

"Which road do you take?"

"That one," said Owen, pointing along one of

the four ways that diverged from his house. "You keep along it for some six miles, when you will pass an old meeting-house. Beyond you go down into a valley, and just as you begin to rise you will see a lane opening to the right. Take this, and follow it through the wood for about a quarter of a mile. You will then come upon a clearing. To the left stands a small yellow farm house. This is the place where you will find Mrs. Blair."

"How is the road?" enquired Mr. Waverly.

"Not good. Much of it is a stiff clay, and the late rain has made it heavy."

"Then we must push along, and get over as much ground as possible by daylight."

"I would certainly advise that, if you go on this evening," said the landlord.

"Do you know Mrs. Blair?" enquired Mr. Waverly, after a pause.

"O yes, sir; very well."

"What kind of a woman is she?"

"A very excellent woman."

Owen looked somewhat curiously into the face of Mr. Waverly.

"She is a widow," said the latter.

"Yes. She is a widow."

"And lives alone?"

"No, not exactly alone; she has a son who manages the farm for her."

"There is a lady living with her as a friend, is there not?"

"Yes; a lady and her little daughter some six or seven years old. A relative, I believe."

"A relative?"

There was more of surprise in the voice of Mr. Waverly than he wished to betray.

"Yes; so I have understood."

"She came to your house about two years ago." Mr. Waverly strove hard to seem unconcerned.

"Yes; about that time. Mr. Clemens brought her up in his wagon. There is something strange about her; something that I never could just understand. I rather think she was, and may be still, a little deranged."

The mention of the farmer's name satisfied Mr. Waverly that the woman referred to was the one for whom he was in search. He, therefore, deemed it prudent to ask no further questions. Re-entering the carriage, and getting from the landlord a repetition of his first directions, he started off, the horses going at a brisk trot.

As Owen had said, the road was found to be heavy enough, and long before the night closed in, the horses were in a foam.

"Had we not better return to Mount Holly?" said the companion of Mr. Waverly, after they had ridden some five miles. "We can come over early in the morning and better accomplish the purpose of our visit. If this woman should prove

to be the one you seek, you cannot take Ada away to-night. In all probability, she is in bed and asleep before this time."

"I cannot stop until all my anxious doubts are satisfied," was the reply of Mr. Waverly. "I must see this woman now."

The friend said no more, and the tired horses were urged to increase their flagging speed.

At length the old meeting house was discerned, standing solitary by the wayside. It was passed, and the travelers descended into the valley beyond.

"Here's the lane!" exclaimed Mr. Waverly, in an excited tone, soon after they had commenced the ascent of the next hill. "We will now turn off to the right."

Not a word was spoken, as they moved along through a dense wood, the shadows of which enveloped them in almost total darkness. The feelings of Mr. Waverly were too intense and too much agitated. They had ridden thus for perhaps ten or fifteen minutes, when a light suddenly streamed from an uncurtained window but a short distance ahead. A few moments, and they entered the clearing mentioned by Owen.

The horses were stopped, and the two men descended from the carriage. All around them was darkness and silence.

"Remain here," said Mr. Waverly, in a whisper, "while I go nearer to the house. This is, in all probability, the dwelling of Mrs. Blair."

Mr. Waverly then approached the house, which stood close upon the road along which he had come, and only separated from it by a little yard enclosed with white palings. The occasional barking of a dog in the rear of the dwelling warned him to move with noiseless steps. Clearly shone the light through a window opening on the road. A strong desire to look in at this window impelled Mr. Waverly to open the little gate silently, and approach with stealthy steps. His breath was suspended as he gained the point he sought; and, for a moment or two, his vision was confused—then all was distinct.

There were but two persons in the room. A woman and a child, and they were so seated by a table that the light fell clear on both their countenances. As to who they were, Mr. Waverly was not for an instant in doubt.

Before the woman, on the table, lay open a large volume—the Bible—and she was reading aloud to the child, whose innocent and lovely face was upturned and gazing with a look of affection into her calm, pure, and elevated countenance.

For nearly ten minutes the reading was continued, and the murmur of the reader's voice came even to the ears of the listener without, as he stood a silent witness of this scene, fixed to the spot, and motionless almost as marble. And all this time the light fell strongly on the reader's

face; and, every varying expression, as her mind felt the holy truth she was seeking to treasure up in the memory of her child, was seen by the witness who stood looking in upon her through the window.

Once or twice, the reader paused, and lifted her face to the window, as if she felt the presence of some one. Then it was that Mr. Waverly looked into her eyes—so calm, so pure, so full of sadness and love—and, as he did so, his heart stirred in his bosom, and emotions of the old tenderness he had once felt moved along its surface.

The reading at length finished, the mother turned to the child, and with one hand clasping her hand, and the other laid reverently on the Book of Life, she talked to her for a short period, now and then glancing or lifting a finger upward.

One scene more and then the curtain fell. The child knelt in such a way that Mr. Waverly could see her face still, clasped her hands devoutly, and murmured her evening prayer, while the mother bent over her in an attitude of love and devotion. The heart of the stern man was melted. This was more than he had strength to bear. A gush of feeling overwhelmed him, and his eyes were filled with blinding tears. For a few moments he stood with his face buried in his handkerchief, struggling with emotion. When he lifted his eyes again, the room into which he had just looked was in partial darkness, and he saw receding in the distance the vanishing forms of his child and her mother.

That night Mr. Waverly slept in Mount Holly; and, on the next morning, returned to the city. But with what different feelings!

[TO BE CONCLUDED IN NEXT NUMBER.]

IN ANSWER TO A CHILD.

VERY pretty are Coleridge's verses, "In Answer to a Child:"

Do you ask what birds say? The sparrow, the dove,
The linnet and thrush say, "I love, and I love."
In the Winter they're silent, the wind is so strong;
What it says, I don't know, but it sings a loud song.
But green leaves, and blossoms, and sunny warm weather,
And singing and loving all come back together.
But the lark is as brimful of gladness and love,
The green fields below him, the blue sky above,
That he sings and he sings, and forever sings he,
"I love my love, and my love loves me."

It is easier to suppress the first desire than to satisfy all that follow it.

AMERICAN SILKS.

PATERSON, New Jersey, has been aptly styled the Lyons of America, as here the manufacture of silk goods is not only carried on largely, but has gained the highest perfection. A lady correspondent of the *Philadelphia Press*, who made a visit to Paterson, gives some interesting facts in connection with the production of silk fabrics in this country. We make some extracts from her article for the information and benefit of our American women:

"A prudent woman goes to buy a silk dress. She wants the most she can get for her money. She wants a French silk, and will look at no other—her mother before her wouldn't, and she won't. The dealer, if he be intelligent and honest, will lay out American silks as well; but she doesn't look at them except for comparison. The French silk at the same price is heavier. Perhaps it will 'stand alone.' It ought to, for it is old enough in sin, and contains enough mineral to give it backbone. It may be that the customer prefers a soft, pliable silk. There is the ever present weight, a showily, really 'heavy' article. She can have all the rustle and lustre she wants, with no more cost. In a short time, it may be in a few days, it shows spots; then it cuts in the folds; then it is done for. I have a somewhat mournful recollection of a black silk dress which passed through these several stages and went into a galloping consumption inside of six months. The good woman whose money has gone to keep foreign looms moving, feels that she has been cheated; she is confident that she paid for a fine, beautiful, heavy French silk, and had one of those cheap American silks palmed off on her. How little she knows of the tricks of the silk trade—tricks which her prejudice makes easy, and, as some dealers hold, necessary! A more common thing than that which she suspects is the selling of an excellent American silk under a French name. It is estimated that about two-thirds of our domestic silk dress goods are so put upon the market—not by the manufacturer, whose interest obviously is the other way, not by the commission merchant, nor, perhaps, by the jobber, but by the retailer. Any one can appreciate the result of this whipsawing. The best product of our American looms helps to bolster up the declining credit of the foreign article; the meanest foreign product is charged up against our young and struggling industry. Does some one say that this is the patriotic view, and that national pride disables judgment? Whoever will take the trouble can prove the fact. This much is the truth, but not the whole truth. With the exception of the very highest-priced, the best dress silks sold in this market are of American manufacture, and, what is of still more interest, they are sold at lower prices than equal grades could be bought for

before the tariff, and when we were entirely dependent upon foreign production. * * *

"The manufacture of silk dress goods in America has grown more rapidly than any other branch of the growing silk industry; but it has come to its present estate through intelligent economic methods. Beginning with foreign looms and foreign workmen—Frenchmen from Lyons and Englishmen from Macclesfield—the American manufacturers have improved on the looms and educated a higher order of labor. Now steam-power drives the American looms for the most part, while the foreign looms are still worked in the old way, and the efficiency of our labor is very largely increased. Foreign looms are still used; but the best looms in Paterson are home-made, and will do more work in a day and do it better. The operatives are trained to exercise great care in every branch of the process. The result is less waste (which means less cost of production), better quality and comparatively lower price. An American manufacturer of silk goods who should go back to the foreign methods, and allow the waste of time and material taken as a matter of course abroad, would have to go out of business. The state of the trade in this country would not permit it. The difference in methods begins with the first handling of the raw commodity, and goes through to the marketing of the goods. * * *

"It will be a service to our countrywomen to tell them how they can distinguish between a silk of pure dye and goods in which there is more dye stuff than silk. Pull out a few threads, run them through the fingers, and finally break them. The rough, lumpy thread is 'weighted.' Wet the lint and squeeze it, and if there is too much dye it will exude from the fabric. Then there is the fire test. Burn several of the threads together, enough to make an appreciable deposit; the honest silk will 'crisp,' leaving a pure charcoal; the silk of heavy, dishonest dye will smoulder, and resolve itself into a yellow, greasy ash."

Out of one hundred men you run against, you will find ninety-five worrying themselves into low spirits and indigestion, about troubles which will never come to pass.

Good breeding is a guard upon the tongue; the misfortune is, that we put it on and off with our fine clothes and visiting faces, and do not wear it where it is wanted—at home!

If, at twenty years of age, we could see in a mirror the face we were to have at three-score, we would be shocked at the contrast, and terrified at our own figure; but it is day by day we advance; we are to-day as we were yesterday, and will be to-morrow as we are to-day. So we go forward without perceiving it; and this is a miracle of that Providence whom I adore.—*Seigne*.

PETER POTTER'S SISTER.

TEN years ago there was not a prettier girl in the county than Annie Potter. Her brother Peter was very proud of her, and it was his delight to take her to all the public gatherings, such as harvest homes, picnics, soldiers' reunions, lectures and anniversary occasions. He liked to hear men of æsthetic taste say, "Look at that lovely face!" and young swells ejaculate, "My eye! she's like a picture!" Annie was what the good country neighbors called "smart," or a "likely girl," and that was why her family, prompted by her brother Peter, were pleased to send her to the Academy. In a few years Annie became a teacher in the grammar department—a pretty teacher—popular, with soft low voice and maidenly manners and it was not strange after all that the young doctor in the village fell in love with the girl and married her. The doctor was intelligent. He was delighted to sit down in the quiet of his own home and study with his little wife beside him, intent on the same pleasurable recreation. They planned and purposed that one should not outgrow the other. How beautiful seemed the future to them when they entered into this compact.

For a few years they shared the same delightful studies, read the same books, admired the same authors and they found pleasure in pursuits that developed alike their intellect and their taste.

After while, when the doctor's practice increased and he had less time to devote to reading and conversational topics, Annie began to grow neglectful and to spend the time allotted to her own culture and improvement in labor that she had once deemed useless and unnecessary. Gradually the breach widened. It was not long before the magazine would lie with its leaves uncut for days—the newspaper not opened, letters unanswered; her place in the lyceum would be vacant and then her seat in church would be filled by some chance comer, or stranger, and finally she fell into the pit where fall and lie so many "smart" wives and mothers.

The young housekeeper who would keep her mind growing, and fresh and active, must give it daily food. This is the great rock on which so many barks strand or are wrecked. With all young wives like Annie, this the whole question resolves itself into a matter of choice.

Woman the world over are always excusing themselves by saying, "really I have not time to devote to these things. My best planning does not allow me any leisure. The days are too short. My family need all my time."

We all have the time: twenty-four hours in a day, seven days in a week, and fifty-two weeks in a year. This is the pattern given to us by One

who does nothing by halves, who never gives his good gifts grudgingly. It is a grand gift. We wrong Him and our families and ourselves if we fritter away this more than golden gift of greatest price.

Young wives who read this, ask "what did Annie do?" She was careful that her two little children, a girl and a boy, were dressed—well, as she expressed it, "as well as other children." That is the way mothers let themselves out of the dilemma that not only puzzles but environs them. If the new *Demorest* said kilt suits, then kilt it must be, as soon as they could be made, lest some other woman lead out in advance.

She spent her time in making ruffles and other superfluous clothing; in overnicety of housekeeping—making pies, puddings, cakes, pickling, preserving, and in ten thousand other ways that leave no result of a valuable character behind.

She "agonized," her brother Peter said, until a fine bay window was added to the already commodious home, and then with a zeal worthy of a better cause she set about to stock it with house-plants, hanging-baskets, aquarium, bird cages and all the pretty things that make these beautiful corners desirable as things of beauty. It must be confessed that Annie's heart was gladdened with this lovely addition to her pleasant home—it was pretty. Her neighbors told her so, as they leaned on the gate and talked harmless gossip, and learned the habits of goldfish, crawfish, minnows, and tiny suckers that darted about in the globes and aquariums; heard her tell for the twentieth time how she propagated her cacti; how she came by her papyrus; what a feeble slip sent forth her lovely Marshal Neil rose; how the habits of one lily differ from another; one geranium from another; how one plant thirsts and will drink twice a day, while its neighbor beside it will only quench twice a week. This may not be gossip but it is harmless chatter, that, while it passes away time, does no one any good.

In every woman's daily life and avocation if properly planned and systematized there will be a little leisure which can be devoted to study, reading, acquiring knowledge or accomplishments of various kinds. A friend to woman says, "If one decides that a portion of this spare time must be given to books, and abides by that decision, then a great many other desirable and agreeable ways of using it must be foregone. We can only do one thing at a time, and we can do one thing well only by giving it the first place in our hearts, for the time. For instance, the teacher who would continually grow and rise in his profession must give himself to it in school and out of school. He must live to teach, even more than he teaches to live. To keep himself fresh for his labors and a perpetual fountain of inspiration to his pupils, he must read, study, recreate, and live with that one

object in view. He has no time for society except as society will enable him better to discharge his duties. It is just so with all the professions.

We must bend the circumstances to suit our necessity. The woman who would accomplish her soul's desire must manage closely and wisely. Some things must go undone. What we must do we find time to do. We must eat and sleep, because they are necessities of our natures. Let us apply this same positive rule to intellectual and spiritual growth. The mind is a kingdom in itself, and compels obedience to its own laws. The woman who is compelled by an inward necessity to read, or pray, or write, or lecture, finds time for each according to the necessity.

One of the greatest novels of our time was written when the author was consumed with household cares, burdened with the labor of caring for a growing family; but the need of writing was laid upon her, and while her hands were busy with paring potatoes, patching pantaloons, and other humble household occupations, her mind was busy composing the next chapter of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." She could easily enough have spent her little leisure in trimming the children's dresses fashionably, in putting finishing touches on curtains, polishing window-glass, worrying over grease-spots or scolding her tomboys for the slits in their dresses or the buttons off their soiled bib aprons.

The woman with the spell of inspiration upon her, chose to neglect these things and to give the might of her strength to the great work that filled and thrilled her soul. She was wise in her choice. Had "the trifling cares of every day" occupied her time the world had been the loser. It is nothing now that her rooms for a time may have been untidy, her sheets not aired, that cobwebs swung from the rafters, and that grass, instead of posy beds, grew in her door-yard.

Had Fanny Fern not energized the force and power that lay dozing in those doleful days of bereft widowhood, the world had never heard of the brilliant authoress whose bright sallies of wit provoked her readers to admiration.

The field of science was never explored by a more enthusiastic and diligent and painstaking student, or one who labored under greater disadvantages than Mary Somerville. Her researches began not until her sun had passed its meridian—between her fiftieth and sixtieth year. Her scientific attainments were remarkable, and scholars revere the name of the authoress who carved for herself a fame and an enviable position among the cultivators of physical science.

Martha J. Lamb, one of the tireless workers of to-day, has written a history of New York. She excels in history, and was over fifteen years in collecting and classifying historical facts, inci-

dents, dates, and statistics. Her work is thoroughly well done, and is reliable and satisfactory, and takes its place in every library in the State.

"If a woman will, she will, you may depend on 't." The whole thing is a matter of her own choosing or rejecting. Shall it be her house hung with cobwebs and oftentimes suspiciously dusty? or, shall it be her mind? Shall she take an honorable place among intellectual women, or shall she take a back seat? Shall she forego the company of gossiping neighbors for the companionship of such authors as will lift her continually higher? Shall she load her table with dainties expensive in both time and money, or sit at intellectual feasts with philosophers and poets? Shall she adorn her person with costly and elaborately made clothing, or her mind with treasures of thought and acquisition?

One of the prime reasons why a woman should "keep up with the times," not become a laggard in this age of progression, is that she may be a companion worthy, or the peer, mayhap, of her husband, and helpful to her children. An appreciative mother is the best friend of her children. To whom can they go fearlessly, freely, so certain of not being misunderstood, as to a good, sensible, clear-sighted mother? What haven like her breast, what comfort like her helpful words, what love brimming over is like unto hers?

Too many women, like Peter Potter's pretty sister Annie, when they are married, give up all the intellectual feasts in which they so delighted in their girlhood. They go away from them, by stepping aside and giving their entire attention to their household and family. For a time this seems best, beautiful fetters are they, silken and sweet and soft—the babies with their pretty ways do monopolize the time and thoughts, and they tax the strength of the loving mother, but with a will to hold fast the things that must needs be, she can be equal to the demands.

Annie has neglected her beautiful hair that once hung in curls; it is uneven and streaked with yellow. Her hands that are carelessly parboiled every day, are knotty and rough, and the distorted joints will not submit to the thralldom of any glove unless it is her husband's. Her pearly complexion is yellow, and her frequent bath comes now but once a fortnight. Her shoulder blades project and her head droops forward in a sneaking manner. Her conversation never rises above herself, her family, her garden and her kitchen. Hers is no isolated case. Young wives all over the world allow themselves to sink down into mere drudges. Too often in mature years, just the time when they should be pleasant and lovable companions for grown-up sons and daughters, they sink into a state in which they are quite neglected and overlooked. This is a forlorn condition, painful to think of.

"Do come; and wear your silk dress, mother," wrote a young man from college home to his mother. His graduation day would be perfect if "mother" was only there. With some misgiving as to whether she could be spared that day—whether the girls could do the work, tend the cows, and the churning, and look after the "chores," she did decide "to dress up and go, just to please Benny."

What a sermon did that beautiful silk dress preach, when from the bottom of the trunk, where it had lain for years, she took out the carefully rolled up parcel. It had been folded, "oh when Benny was in short coats," in soft paper, and then muslin, and then an old sheet, and outside a thick brown paper. It was a treasure. When she took it out—thinking how her boy would like the rustle of it on that proudest day of all his life, as he stood beside her with bouquets in his hands—every fold in it broke, every tiny crease cut, and the precious relic of younger and brighter years that she had hoarded so long was worthless. She sat down among the memories of the dead past and cried like a grieved child. She understood the eloquent sermon preached by the ruined dress, and her tears were bitter with a sorrow that could not be healed.

ROSELLA RICE.

WHO ARE HAPPIEST?

"WHAT troubles you, William?" said Mrs. Aiken, speaking in a tone of kind concern to her husband, who sat silent and moody, with his eyes now fixed upon the floor, and now following the forms of his plainly-clad children as they sported, full of life and spirits, about the room.

It was evening, and Mr. Aiken, a man who earned his bread by the sweat of his brow, had, a little while before, returned from his daily labor.

No answer was made to his wife's question. A few minutes went by, and then she spoke again.

"Is anything wrong with you, William?"

"Nothing more than usual," was replied. "There's always something wrong. The fact, is I'm out of heart."

"William?"

Mrs. Aiken came and stood beside her husband, and laid her hand gently upon his shoulder.

The evil spirit of envy and discontent was in the poor man's heart. This his wife understood right well. She had often before seen him in this frame of mind.

"I'm as good as Freeman, am I not?"

"Yes, and a great deal better, I hope," replied Mrs. Aiken.

"And yet, he is rolling in wealth, while I though compelled to toil early and late, can scarcely keep soul and body together."

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"Hush, William! Don't talk so. It does you no good. We have a comfortable home, with food and raiment; let us therewith be contented and thankful."

"Thankful for this mean hut! Thankful for hard labor, poor fare, and coarse clothing?"

"None are so happy as those who labor; none enjoy better health than they who have only the plainest food. Do you ever go hungry to bed, William?"

"No, of course not."

"Do you or your children shiver in the cold of winter for lack of warm clothing?"

"No; but—"

"William! Do not look past your real comforts in envy of the blessings God has given to others. Depend upon it, we receive all of this world's goods the kind Father above sees it best for us to have. With more, we might not be so happy as we are."

"I'll take all that risk," said Aiken. "Give me plenty of money, and I'll find a way to largely increase the bounds of enjoyment."

"The largest amount of happiness, I believe, is ever to be found in that external condition in which God has placed us."

"Then every poor man should willingly remain poor."

"I did not say that, William; I think every man should seek earnestly to improve his worldly affairs—yet, be content with his lot at all times. For, only in contentment is there happiness, and that is a blessing the poor may share equally with the rich. Indeed, I believe the poor have this blessing in larger store. You, for instance, are a happier man than Mr. Freeman."

"I'm not so sure of that."

"I am, then. Look at his face. Doesn't that tell the story? Would you change with him in every respect?"

"No, not in every respect. I would like to have his money."

"Ah, William! William!" Mrs. Aiken shook her head. "You are giving place in your heart to the spirit of discontent. Try to enjoy, fully, what you have, and you will be a far happier man than Mr. Freeman. Your sleep is sound at night."

"I know. A man who labors as hard as I do, can't help sleeping soundly."

"Then labor is a blessing, if for nothing else. I took home to-day a couple of aprons made for Mrs. Freeman. She looked pale and troubled, and I asked her if she were not well."

"Not very," she replied. "'I've lost so much rest of late, that I'm almost worn out.'"

"I did not ask why this was; but, after remaining silent for a few moments, she said—"

"Mr. Freeman has become so excited about business, that he sleeps scarcely three hours in

the twenty-four. 'He cares neither for eating nor drinking; and, if I did not watch him, would scarcely appear abroad in decent apparel. Hardly a day passes that something does not go wrong. Workmen fail in their contracts, prices fall below what he expected them to be, agents prove unfaithful; in fact, a hundred things occur to interfere with his expectations, and to cloud his mind with disappointment. We were far happier when we were poor, Mrs. Aiken. There was a time when we enjoyed life.—Bright days!—how well are they remembered! Mr. Freeman's income was twelve dollars a week; we lived in two rooms, and I did all our own work. I had fewer wants then than I have ever had since, and was far happier than I ever expect to be again on this side of the grave.'"

Just then a cry was heard in the street.

"Hark!" exclaimed Mr. Aiken.

"Fire! Fire! Fire!" The startling sound rose upon the air.

Aiken sprang to the window and threw it open.

"Mr. Freeman's new building, as I live!"

Aiken dropped the window, and catching up his hat, hurriedly left the house.

It was an hour ere he returned. Meanwhile, the fire raged furiously, and from her window, where she was safe from harm, Mrs. Aiken saw the large new factory, which the rich man had just erected, entirely consumed by the fierce, devouring element. All in vain was it that the intrepid firemen wrought almost miracles of daring, in their efforts to save the building. Story after story was successively wrapped in flames, until, at length, over fifty thousand dollars worth of property lay a heap of black and smouldering ruins.

Wet to the skin, and covered with cinders, was Mr. Aiken when he returned to his humble abode, after having worked manfully, in his unselfish efforts to rescue a portion of his neighbor's property from destruction.

"Poor Freeman! I pity him from my very heart!" was his generous, sympathising exclamation, as soon as he met his wife.

"He is insured, is he not?" enquired Mrs. Aiken.

"Partially. But even a full insurance would be a poor compensation for such a loss. In less than two weeks, this new factory, with all its perfect and beautiful machinery, would have been in operation. The price of goods is now high, and Mr. Freeman would have cleared a handsome sum of money on the first season's product of his mill. It is a terrible disappointment for him. I never saw a man so much disturbed."

"Poor man! His sleep will not be as sound as yours to-night, William."

"Indeed it will not."

"Nor, rich as he is, will he be as happy as you, to-morrow."

"If I were as rich as he is," said Aiken, "I would not fret myself to death for this loss. I would, rather, be thankful for the wealth still left in my possession."

Mrs. Aiken shook her head.

"No, William, the same spirit that makes you restless and discontented now, would be with you, no matter how greatly improved might be your condition. Mr. Freeman was once as poor as you are. Do you think him happier for his riches? Does he enjoy life more? Has wealth brought a greater freedom from care? Has it made his sleep sweeter? Far, very far from it. Riches have but increased the sources of discontent."

"This is not a necessary consequence. If Mr. Freeman turn a blessing into a curse, that is a defect in his particular case."

"And few, in this fallen and evil world, are free from this same defect, William. If wealth were sought from unselfish ends, then it would make its possessor happy. But, how few so seek riches. It is here, believe me, that the evil lies."

Mrs. Aiken spoke earnestly, and something of the truth that was in her mind shed its beams upon the mind of her husband.

"You remember," said she, smiling, "the anecdote of the rich man in New York, who asked a person who gave utterance to words of envy toward himself, 'Would you,' said he, 'take all the care and anxiety attendant upon the management of my large estate and extensive business operations, merely for your victuals and clothes?' 'No, indeed, I would not,' was the quick answer. 'I get no more,' said the rich man, gravely. And it was the truth, William. They who get rich in this world pass up through incessant toil and anxiety, and while they seem to enjoy all the good things of life, in reality enjoy but little. They get only their victuals and clothes. I have worked for many rich ladies, and I do not remember one who appeared to be happier than I am. And I am mistaken if your experience is not very much like my own."

A few days after this time, Aiken came home from his work one evening. As he entered the room where his wife and children sat, the former looked up to him with a cheerful smile of welcome, and the latter gathered around him, filling his ears with the music of their happy voices. The father drew an arm around one another, and, as he sat in their midst, his heart swelled in his bosom, and warmed with a glow of happiness.

Soon the evening meal was served—served by the hands of his wife—the good angel of his humble home. William Aiken, as he looked around upon his smiling children, and their true-hearted, even-tempered, cheerful mother, felt that he had many blessings for which he should be thankful.

"I saw something a little while ago that I shall not soon forget," said he, when alone with his wife.

"What was that, William?"

"I had occasion to call at the house of Mr. Elder on some business, as I came home this evening. Mr. Elder is rich, and I have often envied him; but I shall do so no more. I found him in his sitting-room alone, walking the floor with a troubled look on his face. He glanced at me with an impatient expression as I entered. I mentioned my business, when he said abruptly and rudely:

"I've no time to think of that now."

"As I was turning away, a door of the room opened, and Mrs. Elder and two children entered.

"I wish you would send them children up to the nursery," he exclaimed, in a fretful, half-angry voice. 'I'm in no humor to be troubled with them now.'

"The look cast upon their father by those two innocent little children, as their mother pushed them from the room, I shall not soon forget. I remembered, as I left the house, that there had been a large failure in Market Street, and that Mr. Elder was said to be the loser by some ten thousand dollars—less than a twentieth part of what he is worth. I am happier than he is to-night, Mary."

"And happier you may ever be, William," returned his wife, "if you but stoop to the humble flowers that spring up along your pathway, and, like the bee, take the honey they contain. God knows what, in external things, is best for us; and he will make either poverty or riches, whichever comes, a blessing, if we are humble, patient and contented."

HAPPY OLD AGE.

MEEKLY she sitteth in her easy chair,
She of the faded cheek and snowy hair,
Calmly and gratefully she looketh back,
Through the long vista of her earthly track,
And blesseth Him who now to her hath given
A peaceful setting of her sun at even.
What matter, now, that in her earlier day,
Her footsteps often pressed a thorny way?
That grief, and pain, and care, have left their
track,

In her bent form and on her wrinkled face?
What matter, now that she is nearing heaven,
That all her dearest earthly ties are riven?
Each sorrow that has made its impress there,
Has gently passed and left her soul more fair;
And in the calmness of her sunset hour,
Her blessing falls around, a priceless dower.
The children love to gather at her feet,
And hear her gentle tones, so low and sweet,
As from her memory's olden, garnered store,

She tells them favorite stories o'er and o'er;
And those who in the vexing cares of life,
Grow worn and weary with the daily strife,
Gather new strength and calmness by her side,
Who seemeth more to heaven than earth al-
lied.

Thus gently glides her ripened life away,
And earthly shadows fade, as dawns eternal
day.

Fair picture! beauteous in its soft repose,
Like golden days of Autumn at their close.
Not childhood, with its heart of lightsome glee,
Like merry sunshine dancing o'er the lea;
Not youth, with swelling hopes of daring wing,
And bounding thoughts of quick, elastic spring;
Not manhood, with its vision widening ever,
Bearing its freighted barques like some broad
river;

Not even she who owns a holier bliss
Than all of these, printing her fondest kiss
On the fair cheek of her first darling child,
Bears on the heart so peaceful, undefiled
A joy, as she whose locks of silver hair
Are crowning a long life of love and prayer;
Whose feet, through ways of labor, now have
found

The songful Beulah, past the sorrowing bound.

Then pass, ye days of childhood, fair and bright,
Gilding our morning sky with rosy light;
And ye, fresh, youthful hopes and buoyant
Spring,

Speed on, like summer birds upon the wing;
And come, maturer cares and wearier strife,
The battle thickening on the march of life;
Nor let us backward turn with longing eye,
Or fail with patient care our feet to ply,
Till, as the shades of evening round us fall,
We pause to listen to our Master's call,
And see, above the world's receding dome,
The shining turrets of our heavenly home.

E. O. PAGE.

THE NOISE OF THE FINGER.—Dr. Hammond says that when you poke the end of your finger in your ear the roaring noise you hear is the sound of the circulation in your finger, which is a fact, as any one can demonstrate for himself by first putting his fingers in his ears, and then stopping them up with other substance. Try it, and think what a wonder of a machine your body is, that even the points of your fingers are such busy workshops that they roar like a small Niagara. The roaring is probably more than the noise of the circulation of the blood. It is the voice of all the vital processes together,—the tearing down and building up processes that are always going forward in every living body, from conception to death.

The Home Circle.

"WHO SHALL ROLL AWAY THE STONE?"

NOT the same little brown basket, but a larger one, a beautiful white one with a wide, flaring top and pretty handles. Its mission is the same. It stands beside our desk, and to-day it brims over with letters that spill out on the carpet at our feet. As we sit down beside it and begin sorting the contents, we say, "Oh, there is that poor girl's letter now. We hunted and hunted for it—it should have been answered long ago. Here are the two stamps inside, and the post-script urges a speedy reply. Too bad!"

And this is the burden of the letter:

"Dear Pipey, you who are the friend of girls, ever ready to help them, will you please tell me what is best? I am so tired of teaching that I would like to set up an establishment for millinery and dressmaking. But, you know it is a fact that dressmakers are below par. There is a great deal of scandal about this class of women. Now, if I began this calling in a new place, among strangers, would I run the same risk of others of the sisterhood, if I minded my own business strictly? I do not care much for society, but I would value the acquaintance and friendship of a few women of culture—women who read and converse well. Could I reasonably expect this, or not? How could I bring about that state of affairs? Could it be done at all?" Ethel M.

We laughed a little over Ethel's earnest letter when it came last Summer, and we find ourselves smiling when we read it over after these months of time. That is all nonsense about milliners and dressmakers being "below par," unless it is from their own choice. A woman, who for a livelihood follows dressmaking, can be as "respectable" as is the wife of the minister, lawyer, or doctor. It will all depend upon the tone of her own character.

Our neighbor with whom we conversed on this very topic last Thursday, on our way home from the Missionary meeting, said: "Yes, Miss Potts, it all depends on themselves. As a class you know dressmakers and milliners in towns and villages live in an atmosphere of gossip and scandal. It is hard to prevent it. They hear everything that is going on, and they often retail news to their customers. Their shops are a social exchange of gossip and scandal, and thus their sense of delicacy and propriety becomes blunted. If a woman sinks everything into the mere dressmaker, or the mere milliner, she must not aspire to the companionship of cultured women. To do this she must allow herself time to read and think and improve her mind. Then the woman will be likely to find some congenial acquaintances, especially if she attends church regularly, or becomes a teacher in the Sunday School, or is a member of the Bible Class. In this case, profitable and pleasant acquaintances will be formed."

This was the advice our neighbor had given to her cousin, a young orphan girl who was engaging in this business in a new neighborhood. It will apply to Ethel, for whose encouragement we have given our kind friend's counsel. We

would add, too, that some of the noblest, and best, and most useful women we ever met, were dressmakers. Their lives were exemplary and above reproach. Ethel must read good books, study good pictures, and by familiarity with what is best in literature and art, her ideas of what is fine and true in matters of taste and dress will be toned up, and she will be delighted with her own growth and improvement.

Determined action can bring the most satisfactory results. This is better than to sit down and wish, and long, and allow her life to glide away aimless and useless. Better than to sit and whine, and think that Mrs. So-and-so feels above her, and that she is just as good as the lawyer's wife, whose old grandfather used to sell liquor by the gallon, quart, pint, or drink; just as good as the elder's wife, who in her girlhood was only Prude Flannaghan, a lank, ill-bred girl, who rode horseback on the keen jump, without a saddle.

Nonsense; this going away back to rake up the dead embers of the dead and gone past.

It is pleasanter for a woman to be able to do what she wishes and not what she must. If the living is to be earned by her own hands, whatever will give it to her in the most comfortable and honest way is the best. This morbid fear of being looked down upon is what drives many a girl to destruction. It takes all the spirit out of her efforts. Instead of recognizing the fact that it is the person that dignifies the position, and not the position the person, she torments herself with the idea that she is not receiving her just deserts—that she is not appreciated, and that she might do better if she were somewhere else and engaged at something more congenial.

We remember the case of one of our girl-friends who married a respectable tradesman and moved to the nearest city. To the first great party given she was not invited. It troubled her sorely, but she planned some excuse for the neglect and bore it as best she could. Another reception, and she had received no invitation. What could it mean! Was she not as good as other people? Was not her blood as blue and as true as theirs? When to her dull sensibilities came the fact that a carpenter's wife could not expect to mingle on an equality with the wives of professional men, especially at a select party, the bitter knowledge broke her heart, and her cry died out away in the distance on a lonely ranch in a dug-out. She gave her poor, honest plebian husband no peace, until the city home and its mournful associations were left behind them, a thing of the past.

Love of self is an Apollyon that should be fought fairly and relentlessly.

We believe it is hard for a milliner or dressmaker to keep a newsy run of gossip down, or out of her shop. Women sitting waiting for a hat to be trimmed, a bit of shirring to be done, or the watch-pocket put into a basque, are apt to talk more, perhaps, than they approve of in the after-hour of retrospection. And the dressmaker at such times, feels under obligation to make the laggard moments as pleasant as possible.

In our own experience lately, while we waited for a bonnet to be trimmed:

"So, you are from Pottsville? a nice little town. Oh, ho! ho! and that old McCracken didn't get the Widow Delancy, after all, did he? Why, they said he begged on his face for her to marry him; promised to deed all his farms, and tannery, and hotel and all to her, if she'd have him. I heard she threatened to call the police, if he didn't get up and go 'way and leave her alone. Is that so? It was what your merchant's wife told us last week, when she got her new bonnet here. She buys the nobby bonnets, though! She'd wear an artificial sunflower, if she could get it. She's a stunner—but then we like that kind. They plank down the cash, if they do drive close bargains."

And later, at another establishment: "You are acquainted with Mrs. Osgood, of Pottsville, I presume? She gets her work done here. She puts on lots of style and wants the latest fashions. People do say that her husband married her just to spite another fellow. Nice looking man, he is—looks noble, and walks like a king. He always foots the bills, and generally says, 'now, Chicky, think if you've got everything you want.'"

"And there is Mrs. Amber; you know her? Cute as a robin. Wonder if there really is any truth in the stories about her? Folks from your town, who deal here, say she is no better than she ought to be?"

Now there was not the shadow of an excuse for any one gossiping about these worthy persons. Nothing but malice, and an empty head and an unsound heart could have devised these wicked and scandalous reports. How much better to give a woman who was waiting, a magazine, or book of poems, or the last daily to read, than to lower one's self down to such grovelling pastime, in the effort to entertain her!

We had the pleasure last summer at Chautauqua, of occupying the same room with one of the leading dressmakers in the city in which she lived. The topic on which we wrote to-day, never came up in conversation. We wish now that it had, but the beautiful manners of that lady never suggested it, and we never thought of it, and if we had, we could not have found courage sufficient to look into her eyes and discuss it.

She had been a poor girl, had known the woe of poverty and had felt its cruel stings. She was an earnest christian; a worker in church and Sabbath-school; she had several girls in her employ, and over every girl's daily walk and conversation she kept careful supervision; the watchfulness of a mother. No idle talk was allowed; no frivolous comments on people or things; they were compelled by her own example to deport themselves like ladies—they did it easily and naturally, and because they loved and approved it.

This woman always kept good books near her, and when her work permitted, she studied, glancing upon the open page before her. This occupied her thoughts profitably and pleasantly. Busy as she is, and with the oversight of three or four girls who work under her orders, she has taken the Chautauqua course of study and will graduate next summer.

What one persistent woman has done, others studiously inclined can do.

Good solid books strengthen and help and elevate. Some women complain that they cannot comprehend. Let them begin lower down, say with a good biography, or with lectures on some

theme in which they are interested, astronomy, geology, botany, or physiology. A thorough classical education does not need to be the basis, either.

The world is wide, and is full of opportunity. Wherever one lays her hand a possibility may be lying beneath, waiting to be helpful. No woman is bounded by limits that are restrictive, hurtful, or so narrow that her path may not lead upward.

The brave woman never asks in foolish sorrow:

"Who shall roll away the stone?"

PIDSEY POTTS.

LICHENS FROM WAYSIDE ROCKS.

No. 3.

AT home once more, and settled quietly down again, I live over many of the events of the past few months, in recounting them to Lizzie. It was sweet to be welcomed back so warmly, pleasant to see the old familiar surroundings after such unwonted absence, and a real delight to note the pleasure and surprise of many friends over my improvement and ability to go about as I never have done before. Even the flowers, in their old place in the bay-window, greet me with bright faces, and my little violets lift their tiny heads, and whisper voiceless words of tender meaning, from under their sheltering leaves. I feel like a different woman from the one who left here last fall, just after passing through a summer of such wearisome weakness, which made me feel almost helpless at times. Now, there is a sense of independence, and a buoyant feeling of hope for the future. I have walked out in town, shopping, and attended church not far from home, and can go calling anywhere within three or four blocks, just as other people do.

If it will only continue so! That is the cry of my heart. I dread to see the warm spring weather come, yet cannot but hope that I shall be able to pass through that trying season better than ever before.

This rainy day, Lizzie and I have been sitting by the fire with our work, while we talked of friends in M— and D—. I have been making a new card-rack to hold some of the cards received this last Christmas and New Year. Many of them are lovely. One, all the way from New Zealand, is a basket of bright flowers and scarlet berries, beautiful in itself, and deeply appreciated because of the loving thought that sent it so far, together with a collection of rare natural ferns and mosses. Another has the purple and white violets I love so well, clustered together in a glass bowl, standing against a soft, gray back-ground. One is quaint and weird-looking—different in design from any I ever saw. An owl sitting alone among the trees, soliloquizing in the moonlight which shines through the foliage, over a rustic cottage. An appropriate sentiment accompanies it about our solitude being peopled with the presence of those we love, in thoughts, though they may be in reality far away; and we can call back to them in our hearts "A Merry Christmas and a glad New Year." Two cards have the names of the givers stamped across a vacant space beneath the motto, in ornamental letters. A new and

pretty idea to me.' From the friend on the Hudson came one of the most beautiful—delicate ferns, of various tints, grouped together; and accompanying it was a piece of her own exquisite hand-painting—a half-opened moss rose among clustering leaves, and a tiny bud, just showing its pink veining, daintily traced upon a silver-faced card, edged with gold. Then there are water lilies, and forget-me-nots, wild roses, and strawberries, and pansies, and a magnificent buff tea rose—all bearing some message of love or good cheer.

I have a few more decorative trifles in my room, since my return. Over a bracket holding a few choice books, hangs a large horn, pure white, except the point, which is shaded down almost into black. The top is bound with silver, and the polished white surface is ornamented only with a single large bunch of forget-me-nots, mingled with ferns—one of my choicest embossed pictures. A slender, blue ribbon suspends it from the wall, and it holds the prettiest of winter grasses.

Above it is tacked a bunch of large, pressed ferns, with a bright autumn leaf laid against them. When I look at it, I see before me the calm, restful face of a friend whom I learned to love dearly, after but a short acquaintance, made while away, and often wish most earnestly, that I could have her sitting by my side again. She gathered these ferns in the woods, by the brookside, during lonely walks last summer, little thinking how they would soon be treasured by one whose existence she did not even know of then. So it often is with some of the most trivial acts of our lives, which we think of no moment at all at the time, and perhaps never know the real importance they may have turned to, in the lives of others.

I have been telling Lizzie this afternoon, a good many little episodes of my happy days at Mollie's, and about the dear baby, whose ways were growing sweeter every week, when I left. How I would like to have her in my arms once more, and see her put that plump little hand before her face, when we would say, "Where is Mamie?"

But there is a baby here who would soon take up much of my interest and time, and make up for losing the sight of any I have left, if I could just be with him more. It is Floy's boy, who is now beginning to talk the sweetest prattle, and whose little arts, and winning baby ways, would beguile any one into loving him. His great serious blue eyes look at you so earnestly, that you feel as if you could not tell an untruth, or do a mean thing with that gaze fastened on you. What a beautiful work it will be to teach that rapidly-unfolding mind, and guide it into ways of truth and loveliness. And I believe it has been intrusted to one who will do it well.

Then at a near neighbor's store, there is the tiny girl whose acquaintance I made last year, and her brother—"Little Brown Eyes"—now grown big enough to call my name, and throw kisses every time he sees me from the window. They are particularly engaging children, whom I love to have with me.

Madge has come home at last, from her long protracted visit to the East, and we have her bright face coming in and out among us once more; and while I was absent, a family of dear friends moved across the street from us, and I expect to enjoy their companionship greatly. They have young folks, and a parlor-organ, and I

hope to have rich treats of music, sometimes. We have quite a little neighborhood of congenial society, now, very close by, which will make it so pleasant for me during the coming spring, if I can go out at all.

The afternoon has waned into twilight. Lizzie has long since left to attend to a housekeeper's evening duties. The card-rack is finished, ready now to fill and hang up to-morrow, so that I can have nearly all my new treasures right in view; and left to myself in the gathering dusk, I shall settle down in the big arm chair, to rest and dream by the firelight, of faces that I would like to see. For although I enjoy being at home again with those I love, and am interested in the employments which fill my days to overflowing, yet at times, such a longing comes over me to see the friends I left in D—, who gave me such a reluctant farewell, and enjoined it upon me to return soon, and my thoughts will ever fly back to them, when quiet and alone.

LICHEN.

"TWENTY-ONE YEARS."

"YOU have taken this magazine a long time," said my friend, as she laid down the last number of the HOME.

"Ever since we were married—and that is twenty-one years," was my answer. "It has been a help to us in many ways," I went on. "Some of our first years were very hard ones, but we managed to pay for our magazine."

My friend looked at me.

"Did you consider it a 'need-cess-i-ty,' as my old aunty used to say?" she asked.

"Indeed we did. When we were planning our home together—Will and I—amongst the *needful* articles we always counted a paper for Will and a magazine for me," was my reply.

"We were young and poor when we married. I think at twenty-three years of age I was younger than girls now are at eighteen. I had taught in the country schools about four years; but in all things pertaining to household matters I had but little knowledge and experience. In one thing I certainly was unlike many girls of to-day—I was *subject to my mother*. I meant to obey her in all things as long as I lived under her roof. While I loved her, I respected her.

"But I meant to tell you what the HOME MAGAZINE had been to us. Will and I were both quick-tempered (I the more so), both proud, and what some people call 'high-strung.' More than once, with all our love for each other, we came near 'making shipwreck' of our married happiness. But one thing saved us. We both wanted to live as Christians should. In an old number of the HOME I had somewhere met with, I read 'Advice to Young Married Folks,' two things I did not forget—'Don't sleep over a quarrel.' 'The one who is the *least* to blame should always be the first to beg the other's pardon.' I remembered those things; and Will and I promised each other we never would go to sleep angry the one against the other. We kept the promise. 'Twas hard to *sometimes*. I laugh now as I look back and think how foolish some of our quarrels or 'spats' were. Yet I do know that just such foolish little quarrels have driven more than one married couple wide apart.

"A few years went on; we had one little one—

a dear little girl. Over the 'Mothers' Department' in the HOME I used to linger and gather useful and wise hints; for I wanted to be a wise mother. The little one grew to be over three years old. Bright and beautiful—the picture of health and childish beauty. I used to read her the stories in the 'Boys' and Girls' Treasury,' for she understood beyond her years. Well—she left us. There is nothing sad for us to remember concerning her. We were spared seeing her suffer, even; for she was stricken down and gave up her young life with scarce a struggle; and we laid her in her little coffin with her little face as rounded and fair as in health. God knows how hard it was. But as the years have rolled on, I have come to the place where I can thank Him not only for her life, but for her death, too. Don't think strange, my friend, but the love I had for my little one did not 'return to me void.' The very first number of the HOME that came to us after the little one had gone away, had these words in it—words which I treasured up—'Getting over it.'

"Strangely do some people talk of getting over a great sorrow; overleaping it, passing it by, thrusting it into oblivion. Not so. No one ever does that—at least no nature that can be touched by the feeling of grief at all. The only way is to pass through the ocean of affliction, solemnly, slowly, with humility and faith, as the Israelites passed through the sea. Then its very waves of misery will divide, and become to us a wall on the right side and on the left, until the gulf narrows and narrows before our eyes, and we land safe on the opposite shore.'

"I am on the 'other shore' now, and looking back, remembering those cold 'waves of misery,' not with shudders and gloom, but a great peace in my heart, for 'what time I was afraid, I trusted,' and out of the 'depths' I learned to call God, Father.

"And the years went on. Will said, one day, when I was missing sorely the little one: 'Why don't you write for the HOME some of the stories you used to tell Baby?' And I did—not always for the children, but sometimes when I wanted help, or had a word for another.

"Then my boy came. A boy! and I knew so little about boys. So I asked the 'HOME mothers' to help me, for I feared, because I thought I could not understand boy nature. Good, kind, wise counsel the mothers sent to me, but I need not have feared understanding my boy's nature, for he is 'mother over again,' and every step of his ten years' journey of life so far, have I seen myself again. It makes my heart tender to my boy, remembering who gave him his quick temper, who gave him his thoughtfulness, who gave him so much to 'overcome' ere he can 'inherit all things.'

"So the years have come and gone with Will and I, till we count twenty-one spent together. Hard times and dark times; never very easy times, for losses as well as sorrows have been ours. But oftenest have they been *bright* times because we have seen the Father's face in love. The sorrows have made us tender to each other, and the joys have been best because shared together. And month by month we have welcomed our HOME MAGAZINE, till it has become a part of 'our home.'"

VARA.

AN EARLY BREAKFAST.

IN these days of wide-spread malaria, it is wise to adopt any precautions that are likely to mitigate the evil, or prevent it from attacking us. It was a principle of Dr. W. W. Hall in his most sensible works on health, that the stomach should be set to work as soon as possible after one arose, that this greatly lessened the liabilities to take in malarious diseases. He cited, in illustration, the example of old planters in most unhealthy, miasmatic districts, who had a cup of coffee brought to the bed-side by a servant always before they arose, and who were almost never down with malarial diseases.

How many hours the busy housewife often toils before she sits down to her breakfast. How weary and faint she often becomes before she is ready to eat. These things ought not to be. When the fire is ablaze, and the breakfast for others is on, she should prepare her own cup of coffee and a bit of anything appetizing she has in the house, and sit down composedly for a few moments and eat it. No dainty she has in the house is too good for mother, no cup of jelly, or new-laid egg in the winter is an extravagance for her. If she rises early, as most housewives do, she can take her little meal in quiet, undisturbed. No matter if it is a solitary meal, so it does her good. By and by she can sit down with the rest, and sip her cup of coffee and wait on the children with a new vigor and patience, which is good both for them and for her.

The smallest things that make for one's home peace and bodily health are of really great importance, and the early breakfast is not one of the least of these. Try the experiment a week and see if you are not the better for it, and if you cannot do more work with better cheer on the strength of that food, than on a later meal taken when you feel worn down with the morning work.

A CALL THROUGH THE DARKNESS.

THE light of the winter day has faded; not gradually and lingeringly, as though loath to leave a world of bloom and beauty, as the light does on summer evenings, but as if anxious to gather its scattered rays and hasten away after a weary effort to warm a frozen world.

I, lying in the dark, because I can people its shadows with forms and fancies as I please, gaining for them a feeling of nearness and reality that a light dispels, hear a voice out in the night, calling, "Robbie! Robbie!" but no Robbie answers. Again and again is the call repeated, with the growing sharpness of anxiety stealing more and more plainly into its tones. At length the answer comes, and silence reigns once more.

Thinking of the shadowed road of life, I remember how, at different passes, I have called or have been called; have replied or received the welcome answer; even though face and form were hidden, the question and answer, the love and greeting, were there. How inexpressible has been the pleasure, sometimes, when groping forward through what seems a cloud of darkness, to be made aware of the sudden pressure at my side of a familiar face, full of good-will and good cheer; to hear the voice and feel the hand-clasp of affection; although

at first the surprise, and the suddenness, and the pleasure, may seem to unnerve me, yet it is only for the moment and in seeming, for through each moment of intercourse I am laying up treasures of strength for weary days and weeks of loneliness and painful journeying.

Perhaps this feeling is akin to that with which we shall awake into "the world that sets this right;" one moment we shall be blindly struggling and groping, our eyes holden, the shadows too dark and deep to be pierced, and the next—ah, who can describe the rapture, and the beauty, and the rest of the moment our eyes open upon eternity!

When, while yet quite young, I found that I had to yield to pain and illness, I used to lie and plan the many things I would do when I was better. Utopian dreams were they, by which the sorrowful were to be comforted, the suffering eased and the wicked led toward goodness and truth by gentle, easy stages; not that I thought I could do so much, but that I hoped to do a little good. I always look back upon those dreams with tenderness and yearning, as one cherishes the memory of a little child lost in infancy; for the years have not brought me the strength nor power ever to fulfill their visions.

Because I have seen the death and burial of nearly all the hopes I ever hoped, of all the dreams I ever dreamed, I know the sadness and the sorrow that attend such burials; and I know that in other hearts there lie similar mounds, in other lives also has been the long burial service of silence—yes, and of song also; yet we are not "left comfortless." As we tread in paths we know not, we meet therein duties and joys we expect not; if, sometimes, the joys are subdued, perhaps they are none the less deep and lasting; and if the duties are far otherwise than those we sought, they may be none the less important.

It may be, as the years pass by, that we rarely hear the sound of human voices calling unto us in sympathy or in interested inquiry; those voices

which were wont to query if it were well with us may have dropped one after another into silence, and although we may hear, and endeavor faithfully to follow the voice of the Shepherd as He calls to His flocks, still the need of, the desire for, human companionship is strong and undying, and we find ourselves, lonely and sad, missing it. High and holy thought, deep and earnest study, the treasures of memory and imagination, the pleasure of useful occupation, and the effort for right living, all help to fill the measure of life; yet the call and the reply, the need and its answer, are always felt as a very essential element.

Discouragement will often assail us; weariness and anxiety will at times take possession of us; we find no solutions to our problems, no diminution in our cares. We ponder, and listen, and think, and seem no nearer the end of our bewilderment. Very often, I think, we receive replies that we do not recognize as such, because they are not what we expected, nor in the manner that we desired them to come.

I am not a believer in dreams, yet there is a dream that I would like to tell you. I had lain long sleepless, full of sorrow, and pain, and perplexity, and I thought, "my life has not yet reached its noon, and I am tired." I could see no way through life, nor any good that it was doing. I fell asleep, and found myself in darkness deep and utter; nor did I hear the sound of any other life or living creatures. I seemed to have no doubt of my pathway, though it was too dark to see. Presently I seemed to be crossing a bridge; far, far below me I could hear the gurgling of the waters. I could not stop nor stay for an instant, and yet I thought of how deep and dark the abyss must be, and wondered if it could not be lit up a little. In some manner, I knew not how, I made a light and dropped it over the railing as I went steadily onward. Looking back after a little, I could see that point of light away down amidst the deep waters, steady and bright, and I seemed to go on full of comfort.

AUNTIE.

Mother's' Department.

BABIES' RIGHTS.

I CHANCED to call at the house of a lady recently who had just been elected as a delegate to a Woman's Rights Convention. She is an earnest advocate in securing to women their denied political rights, and was very enthusiastic in her conversation on the subject on that occasion. While she descanted freely on her favorite theme, on the coming convention and the work she proposed doing, there came frequently to her parlor the sound of a baby's cry. At last my mother-heart could no longer silently endure this infantile wail, so I asked the lady if the voice we heard was not that of her baby. She said it was; that the baby had taken cold, and was feeling a little cross, but that her nurse would give her the best of care.

She then told me how fortunate she had been in securing the services of a good, respectable girl to take care of her baby. After her trying experi-

ences with different nurses, she considered this a rare, good fortune, and she could now give more time to her social duties and pleasures. She spoke also of the sacrifices of social pleasures she had been compelled to make on account of the inefficient help she had had in the care of her baby.

As she sat talking in a most complacent manner, the continued fretting of the baby was constantly heard, and there arose in my heart a strong protest against baby wrongs, and I went away in deep sympathy, not with woman's rights, but with the rights of babies.

This lady was the mother of five children, and she was a comparative stranger to every one of them. As soon as they were old enough to leave the nursery, they spent most of their time on the street. The mother did not interest herself in them sufficiently to learn how or where they spent their time, and those she had hired to take charge of them were glad to get rid of them, and did not care much where they went. The husband of this

lady was a wealthy banker, and their home was furnished with all the comforts and luxuries that his means warranted; and yet I had a far deeper feeling of pity for their children than I had for those in humble homes, who came directly under their mother's loving care and guidance.

Alas! I thought, how many babies in wealthy homes all over our land are thrust into the care of strangers, and become practically motherless? Would there not be less need of so much work in the various moral reforms, if mothers could be induced to fit themselves for the work, and then take the early training of their children into their own hands, and so form their characters in the start that they will not need to be reformed in after years? The seeds of many of these evils are sown in childhood, and even in babyhood, and nothing short of a mother's love and a mother's watchful care can throw around the child the proper influences, and rightly aid in moulding its earliest impressions.

It must be remembered that at its birth the child knows absolutely nothing. Its own mother is no more to it than any one else, and it would just as willingly become the child of any other woman as of its natural mother. On its first feeling of discomfort it begins to cry. Some one comes to its rescue, and it is quieted. As its cries are repeated again and again, and the same one comes to its relief, that face becomes familiar, and it very soon singles it out as the one to whom it must look for solace in all times of need or grief. The baby heart very early goes out to the one who watches over it and attends to its wants, and no one is worthy to fill the position of a mother who does not sufficiently prize her baby's earliest affection to be willing to do the work necessary for winning it. It is a sad fact that so many mothers fail to appreciate the importance of giving their own society to their little ones, of training the young minds themselves, of caring for them and attending to their wants with their own hands. These are sacred duties devolving upon every mother, and to the true mother they are sacred privileges. They are the only means of securing the perfect love of the child, and serve to increase and strengthen her own love for it. In order to rid herself of the burden of care and be free to enjoy the pleasures of a society life, many a mother places her baby in the care of a nurse, often an inexperienced and careless young girl, and thus eases her conscience with the thought that, though she is absent from it most of the time, it is not neglected. Is it any wonder, that as the child grows older a feeling of estrangement often exists between them, and the mother is sometimes made to feel that her child does not love her as it ought? How can she expect it to love her? What has she done to deserve, much less to win its love?

There is wisely implanted in the heart of the mother a natural love for her offspring from its very birth, a love given expressly to invite her to care for and protect it, and designed to be matured and strengthened, instead of dwarfed and suppressed. But it must be remembered that there is no natural love toward the mother on the child's part. She has got to win its love, or else never possess it. True, as the child grows older, he may receive a theoretical idea of what his duty to his parents demands of him, and there

may be an outward show of such a feeling, but it does not spring from a genuine affection of the heart.

As the youth approaches early manhood, how many a mother discovers in wonder and grief that she is fast losing her control and influence over him, and learns all too late, that at this period of his life the power of love is the "one thing needful," to aid her in guiding his feet in the pathway of virtue, and in keeping him from entering the many by-ways of vice and sin.

The question is frequently asked, why so many of our greatest and best men rise from homes of poverty. I think no small portion of the secret lies in the fact that in such homes the mother has full charge of her children, and they are watched over and cared for by one who has the deepest interest in their welfare. Could that feeling of love and sympathy, so strongly characterizing the relation between President Garfield and his mother, have ever existed, had she not by being his earliest companion and tenderly caring for him her own self won his entire heart while it was tender and impressible? And then, with a true mother's spirit of devotion and self-sacrifice, she retained it through all the years of his matured manhood. Many great men have ascribed their success in life to their mother's influence; but they had mothers who patiently and willingly toiled in their behalf in order to secure that influence which they afterwards so judiciously used in advancing their interests. To the young mother who has been raised in luxury and entirely unaccustomed to work, the care of her baby may seem a task greater than she is able to perform. But let her remember that "love lightens labor," and the good result of her self-sacrificing work, and the rich harvest she shall reap by-and-by, may be far greater and richer than she would now dare to hope. Besides, her reward will not all be reserved for the future. The true mother finds an enjoyment in the presence and care of her little one, in listening to its baby prattle, in watching the strengthening of its tiny limbs and the unfolding of its mind, in hearing its first attempts at speech, in the vain effort to utter the name of mamma, that none but a mother can ever know. And as she so often bends over the helpless form, and looks down into the wandering, innocent eyes, how many lessons of forbearance, of patience and child-like confidence are implanted in her own breast—just the requirements needed in the development of her noblest womanhood.

All the other work pertaining to the household may be trusted to the care of servants. But the mother of the baby should regard the work of supplying its wants, of studying its nature, of directing the earliest developments of its mind in the proper channel, of shielding it from all hurtful influences, and, through loving attention, of drawing out the baby affections and binding its little heart to hers, as a welcome duty—a prerogative exclusively her own. NELLIE BURNS.

THE parent or teacher who inflicts penalties as an outlet for impatience or displeasure, is utterly incapable of the task assumed. The good of the school or the family, the good of the erring child—these motives, and these only, should prompt even the mildest penalty.

Evenings with the Poets.

UNTOLD.

A FACE may be woeful white to cover a heart
that's aching;
A face may be full of light to cover a heart
that's breaking.

'Tis not the heaviest grief for which we wear the
willow;
The tears bring slow relief which only wet the
pillow.

Hard may be burdens borne, though friends would
fain unbind them;
Harder are crosses worn where none save Christ
can find them.

For the loved who leave our sides, our souls are
well-nigh riven;
But ah! for the graves we hide have pity, tender
Heaven!

Soft be the words and sweet that soothe the spoken
sorrow,
Alas for the weary feet that may not rest to-
morrow!

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

IN THE KING'S BANQUETING HOUSE.

I WALK on my way with the others, I toil at
my daily task,
I am sometimes weary and careworn, and
sometimes I wear a mask,
And cover with smiles and sunshine a heart that
is full of tears;
And yet, and yet, there is joy divine, and it crowns
my burdened years;

For sometimes there comes a whisper in the silence
of my soul,
"Rise up, my love, my fair one, and forget the
sorrow and dole,
And come to the house of the banquet, and feast
with the King to-day."
And oh! when I hear the summons, is there aught
except to obey?

And the look on his brow is loving, a brow that
was worn and marred;
And the hands I clasp with reverence, ah, me!
they are torn and scarred;
And the voice that speaks is tender. "It is
finished," that dear voice said,
When on Calvary's mount for me—for me, He
bowed His fainting head.

Oh, 'tis sweet to sit at the banquet, a guest of the
King divine;
'Tis sweet to taste the heavenly bread, and to drink
the heavenly wine,
To look away from the earth cares, to lift the
spirit above,
To sit in His shadow with great delight under His
banner of love.

And what if the way be dreary, if the hands I hold
unclasp,
I can pass through the desert safely in my King's
unfailing grasp;
And what if the clouds above me are sometimes
thick and gray,
There is never a cloud on the Mercy Seat, where
I meet Him day by day.

So I go on my way with the others, I am often
weary and spent,
But, aye, in my heart I am singing, happy and
well content;
For oft in the early dawning, and oft at the fall of
day,
He calls me in to the banquet, and what can I do,
but obey?

MARGARET E. SANGSTER,
In Illustrated Christian Weekly.

A SONG OF CLOVER.

I WONDER what the clover thinks?
Intimate friend of Bob-o-link's,
Lover of daisies slim and white,
Waltzer with buttercups at night,
Keeper of inn for travelling bees,
Left by the royal humming-birds,
Who sip and pay with fine-spun words;
Fellow with all the lowliest,
Peer of the gayest and the best;
Comrade of winds, beloved of sun,
Kissed by the dewdrops, one by one;
Prophet of good-luck mystery,
By sign of four which few may see;
Symbol of nature's magic zone,
One out of three, and three in one;
Emblem of comfort in the speech
Which poor men's babies early reach;
Sweet by the roadsides, sweet by rills,
Sweet in the meadows, sweet on hills,
Sweet in its white, sweet in its red,
Oh, half of its sweet cannot be said;
Sweet in its every living breath,
Sweetest, perhaps, at last in death,—
Oh, who knows what the clover thinks?
No one,—unless the Bob-o-links!

SAXE HOLM, in *Scribner's Monthly*.

THE RECONCILIATION.

AS through the land at eve we went,
And plucked the ripened ears,
We fell out, my wife and I;
Oh, we fell out, I know not why,
And kissed again with tears.

For, when we came where lies the child
We lost in other years,
There, above the little grave,
Oh, there above the little grave,
We kissed again with tears.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

Boys' and Girls' Treasury.

THE SISTERS.

"I'M sorry; but one of you will have to stay at home," said the mother. "Hannah's father is sick, and I promised her that she should go to see him; and I cannot take the care of Eddy, all day."

Of course, she could not. You had only to look into her pale face, and on her thin, weak body, to know that.

Her two little girls, Fanny and Alice, were standing before her when she said this. She saw their countenances fall.

"I wish it were not so," the mother added, feebly; "but I would be in bed, sick, before the day was half over, if I were left alone with Eddy. Some one has to be after him all the time."

Fanny pouted and scowled, I am sorry to say. Alice looked sober and disappointed. They went from their mother's room without speaking. When so far away that her voice could not be heard, Fanny said, in a sharp, resolute tone, from which all kind feeling had died out:

"I'm not going to stay at home, Miss Alice! You can make your mind up to that."

Alice did not reply, but sat down quietly. Her disappointment was keen, for some little girls in the neighborhood had made up a small picnic party, and were going to have a pleasant day in the woods.

"It will be as mother says," she spoke out, after thinking for a while.

"I'm the oldest and have the best right to go," answered Fanny, selfishly. "And what's more, I'm going;" and she commenced putting on her things.

A few tears crept into the eyes of Alice. It would fall upon her to stay at home; she saw that. Fanny was selfish and strong-willed, and unless positively ordered by her mother to remain at home and let her sister go, would grasp, as her own, the pleasure to which Alice had an equal right with herself. If the decision was referred to her mother, a contention would spring up, and then Fanny would speak and act in a way to cause her distress of mind.

"If mother were to make Fanny stay at home," Alice said, in her thought, "she would pout, and fling, and act so ugly that there'd be no comfort with her; and mother isn't strong enough to bear it."

The tender love that Alice held in her heart for both her mother and dear little two-year old

Eddy, was all-prevailing, and soon turned her thought away from the picnic and its promised delights to the pleasures and loving duties of home.

"I'm going to stay," she said, coming back into her mother's room, with a bright face and cheerful voice.

"Are you, dear?" It was all she said; but in her tone and looks there was a precious heart-reward for Alice.

"He's been so sweet all day!" said Alice, coming in where her mother sat by a window, with the cool airs of the late afternoon fanning her wasted cheeks. She had a weary look.

"And you have been sweet, too, my darling!"



answered the mother, in a very tender voice, as she laid her hand on Alice's head. "I don't know what I should have done without you. It has been one of my weak days. But you look tired, dear," she added. "Sit down in that easy-chair and rest yourself. Come, Eddy."

And she held out her hands for the child; but he clambered into Alice's lap and laid his cunning little head against her bosom. Both were tired—loving sister and sweet pet brother. It seemed hardly a minute before they were asleep; and as the mother, with eyes that were fast growing dim, looked at their tranquil faces and quiet forms, she thanked the good Father in heaven for a gift so precious and beautiful.

Bang! went the door, startling the mother from peaceful thoughts and arousing Alice from the light slumber into which she had fallen. In came

Fanny, all in disorder, and threw herself into a chair, looking the picture of unhappiness.

"Have you had a pleasant time?" asked the mother, speaking with a kind interest in her voice.

"I've had a horrid time!" answered Fanny, flinging out the words angrily. "I never saw such a mean set of girls in my life. They wouldn't do anything I wanted to do, nor go anywhere I wanted to go."

"That was bad," said the mother. "And I suppose you wouldn't do anything they wanted to do, nor go anywhere they wanted to go."

Fanny did not reply.

"How was it, my child?" urged the mother.

"Hadn't I as much right to have my way about things as any of them?" demanded Fanny. "There was that Kate Lewis—I can't bear her! If she said, 'Let us do this,' or, 'Let us do that,' every one agreed in a minute."

"You with the rest," said the mother.

"Indeed, then, and I didn't!" replied Fanny, impatiently. "Kate Lewis can't lead me about by the nose, as she does other girls. I have a mind of my own."

"Perhaps," answered the mother, seriously, "you would have come nearer to the truth, my child, if you had said a self-will of your own. I find, from your account of things, that you wanted everything your own way, and because the rest wouldn't give up to you, made yourself disagreeable and unhappy, and so lost all the pleasure of the day. I'm afraid you were not in just the best state of mind for enjoyment, when you left this morning."

This was too much for Fanny, already feeling so miserable; and she broke out into a fit of sobbing and crying."

In what different states of mind were the two girls at the close of the day! Alice, awakened from a brief, but refreshing sleep by the entrance of Fanny, sat, with tranquil heart and peaceful face, looking at her unhappy sister, who had selfishly claimed the day for pleasure, not caring how wearily it might pass for her, and pitied her miserable condition, while Fanny cried from very shame and wretchedness.

Dear little readers, need I ask any of you, even the youngest, what made all this difference? Already you have come to know, through some painful as well as pleasant experiences, that happiness waits not on any selfish demand, but creeps lovingly into every heart which, forgetful of its own ease, or comfort, or pleasure, seeks the comfort and blessing of others.

Do not forget this, dear children. Keep it always in mind, and it will not only save you many unhappy hours, but put warm floods of sunshine and joy into your hearts.

CONTENTMENT.

DAY by day the little daisy
Looks up with its yellow eye;
Never murmurs, never wishes
It were hanging up on high.
And the air is just as pleasant,
And as bright the sunny sky,
To the daisy by the footpath
As to flowers that bloom on high.

A HISTORY TALK.

"O DEAR! this horrid, dry history, I don't believe those people ever lived, anyway. I just can't stay in the house this lovely day, and learn six mortal pages." Daisy Gray slowly drew the English history half-way from the book-shelf, then with her hand resting on its brown back allowed her eyes to wander off to the perfect beauty of the September afternoon.

"Why do you think those persons never lived, little girl?" A cheerful voice inquired, a voice that belonged to a sweet-faced lady bending over her sewing as she sat on the porch near the open window where her little daughter stood.

"O, mamma, are you there? I just wish we could leave the sewing and the studying and do nothing all this afternoon; it is too lovely to work. Don't you wish we could?"

"I think we should not be so happy when night comes, to know that we had idled away so many hours that will never come back again. Besides, this beautiful weather is working for us—perfecting the fruits and the grains. What is your history lesson about?"

"The commencement of the reign of Henry VIII., who reigned from 1509 to 1547. That is all I can remember about it. O, dear!"

"Well, come and sit by me, and I will see if I can't tell you something about those days that will make your lesson more interesting, and so easier to remember. In those days the mansions of the nobility were frequently surrounded by a quadrangular, or four-sided court. Within the court and generally opposite the gate, was a porch which led into a passage cut off by a screen from the lower end of the great hall and communicating with the butleries and kitchen. At the upper end of the front hall was the raised space, or dais, on which the chief table was placed, flanked by one or two oriel windows in which were the cupboards displaying the silver plate. If the mansion was large enough to contain two courts, the hall was between. The principal private apartments adjoined the upper end of the hall; besides the hall, there was generally one large apartment which served as a state-room or dining-hall. The architecture belonged to what is called the Domestic Period of the Tudor style; very elaborate, and pleasing, with turrets and gables and overhanging oriel windows.

"Then, instead of coaches and carriages to drive in, the gentlemen rode on horseback, and the ladies were carried in elegant litters, or in sedan-chairs drawn by horses.

"They also had laws to regulate the clothing of the people, and persons who had less than four hundred marks a year were forbidden to wear velvet, Martin fur, or embroidered clothes. A mark is thirteen shillings and four pence, English money, and it will be good practice for you to see how much of our money it would take to make four hundred marks. The only exception to this rule, or law, was that the sons and heirs to some privileged persons might wear black velvet doublets, and coats of black damask or tawny-colored russet. The common people and serving men were confined to cloth of a certain price and lamb's wool only, not being allowed to wear any ornaments or even buttons made of gilt or silver.

"It was during Henry's reign that a great many articles now found in every town and village, were first introduced into England. In 1523, turkeys arrived in the kingdom, and the next year soap was first made in London. There were no currants growing in England till the year 1533, and seven years after that apricots were first planted there. And during this same reign, in 1544 and 1545 they commenced casting iron, and making needles in England.

"And in these same years lived the great painters of Italy, Michael Angelo, and Raphael, of whom you have heard so much, and if you ever go to Europe you will see the pictures that they painted then. Then too, when Henry VIII. was reigning in England, Martin Luther the German Reformer lived, and the Scotch Reformers, John Calvin and John Knox, and the Swiss Reformer Zuinglius, all famous in church history. Before

you have finished reading of Henry's reign, you will learn more about these men and all they endured for their religious opinions. So you see there were a great many interesting and important persons who lived in those days and it would not have been at all dull to have lived then."

"Why yes, mamma, this is real interesting. I never imagined so many interesting things could be mixed in with all those dates and battles. I never could realize they were real people planting apricots and currants. Seems to me I can remember what you have been telling me."

"Yes, I think you can. The only way to profit by reading history, is to try and become interested in the subject and imagine how it would have seemed to have lived in those days. But there are some ladies coming to call, and so our history talk is over for to-day."

CLARA R. BUSH.

Housekeepers' Department.

A CLEAN SWEEP.

THERE is no broom "at the bottom of it." At least there will not be much use for a broom when you get through. "A hint to the wise is sufficient," yet "experience is the best teacher;" what both have done for me, I desire to contribute to the Household Department, for the benefit of housekeepers. The confinement of winter prompts cozy employment around the fire, and it has been my habit, for years, to draw on my dust-cap, long apron, and a pair of gloves, call in Nerve and John (two bound colored children), and my *help* woman, and work up all the old clothes that have accumulated during the wear and tear of the last domestic year. These have been washed and laid away in the old hair trunk as they were discarded, while all shapings left of cutting new garments were rolled smoothly, each kind to itself, and tied with a string, ready to be used as patches when needed. These are kept handy in a drawer of the bureau.

By the time winter sets in, the drawer and trunk are full. We begin by thoroughly patching all garments yet in use; then a calico quilt is made of the cotton and calico pieces, and a lining of half-worn dresses. The best corners of sheets make pillow-cases, and those of table-cloths make towels. Darned sock and stocking feet make iron-holders, and corsets make dish-rags. Coats and breeches are ripped up, the best cut out and pieced into a quilt lining; the new pieces are made into log cabin squares, one comes light, the other dark. Waistbands, facings, and good strips of the old garments may also be worked into this. These are to be joined into a ribboned diamond of light and dark shades, circling from the centre of the bed. This makes a serviceable quilt, handsome enough for the outside cover of the hired man's bed. Then all the remains are cut into strips for the carpet, the width depending upon the body of the goods. If heavy, cut as wide as they appear after being woven, or if cotton, twice as wide. Cut from end to end without cutting quite through. Seams protected by the bindings or hems at each

end are strong and will hold many of the rags together without sewing. Sheets should be torn from end to end, allowing the hem to hold them together. Wind all the pure white in balls to be colored yellow with hickory bark and alum; and blue with indigo and lye; the white flannel to itself to be dyed red with madder and wheat bran; the dingy flannel for green, colored with indigo and vitriol; sew all new calico strings into a variegated ball attended with new white; the flowered woolen into a ball attended with black; and all the dingy of every kind together for black, colored with log-wood, walnut bark, and copperas. Begin the centre of strips with mottled dark, margin with deep red, shaded to pink, this with deep green, shaded to yellow, this with deep blue, shaded to white, finish the stripe with the light variegated, then the ground.

This system of working up rags has been my practice for years, and I was content save in one particular. There was always a *quantity* of bits, lint, odds and ends that I could not work into anything. This winter my *help*-girl suggested that her mother always picked them out, carded and batted them (with wool-cards) for padding the linsey quilts. Eureka! I had found employment for Nerve and John, and been *helped* to carry out my theory of *perfect* economy. I was thus enabled to make a *clean sweep* of everything, and get it into useful shape. I forgot to say that all the hems, seams, &c., that could not be ripped were cut off and wound into balls for tying up tomato vines. Old stocking legs may be raveled for thread, and a system of economy kept up throughout.

M. D. SAYERS.

OATMEAL PORRIDGE.

MR. HENRY WARD BEECHER gives in the *Domestic Monthly*, the following directions for making Oatmeal Porridge:

"It can only be made to perfection from the clear, coarse, dry meal, and taking pains to find some grocer who fully understands the best quality of *oatmeal*. Keep the meal stored in a clean,

closely-covered jar, as carefully protected as you would the choicest tea. The saucepan in which you cook it must never have been used but for milk or breadstuffs. No saucepan or kettle in which potatoes, greens, or meats, have ever been cooked, can be made pure enough to use for milk or oatmeal porridge. If these suggestions are heeded, it is very easy to make delicious porridge; but if neglected, you will never be able to have good porridge. Have clean boiling water in a clean saucepan. Two or three ounces, or a small teacupful of the meal, for each pint of boiling water. Draw the kettle off from the hottest part of the range, and sift the meal gently through the fingers, so that it will spread evenly over the surface of the water and sink free from lumps. This done, set the kettle or saucepan back over the hottest part of the range, so that it may boil briskly for a minute of two, that the meal may thoroughly mix with the water before it begins to thicken. This done, boil slowly from three quarters of an hour to an hour, according to the coarseness of the meal. See that the heat is sufficient to keep the porridge just stirring all the time, even if you are obliged to stir it occasionally, so as to prevent burning or getting lumpy. Take care that no smoke or soot comes near it while cooking.

If these directions are carefully followed, then in that space of time all the starch granules have burst open—as they should do—and the meal is properly disintegrated. Pour it out like a thin custard into a vegetable dish, and leave it uncovered till cold. If it is properly made, on cooling, the porridge will set or gelatinize. A brownish skin will form over the surface, and as this contracts, the mass will clean from the dish all round the edge. It will be a soft, tremulous jelly, and of a very fine flavor. Eaten with cold milk or cream it is delicious. No food is more suitable to give strength, and men, women, or children will find its use wonderfully beneficial. It is just the food for growing children, or young people who are retarded in growth.

RECEIPTS.

BOILED TURKEY.—Wash the turkey in tepid water, and rub it all over with lemon-juice; then put it into a saucepanful of boiling water, with a large piece of butter, a couple of onions, a head of celery, some sliced carrots, a bunch of parsley and sweet herbs, whole pepper, mace, cloves, and salt

to taste. Let it boil slowly, and remove carefully any scum that may rise. Serve with celery sauce.

PLUM CAKE.—A very good cake for children can be made from this recipe; eggs can be added if the cake is required a little richer—two to the pound will be enough, they must be beaten with the milk, of which a gill less will be required when they are used. For a pound of flour mix together one teaspoonful of tartaric acid and two of carbonate of soda; and, in order to have this and the flour most thoroughly mixed, pass both together through a sieve or gravy-strainer. Rub in a quarter of a pound of dripping or of lard, mix in a quarter of a pound of raw sugar, a quarter of a pound of stoned raisins or sultanas, a quarter of a pound of currants, two ounces of candied peel, and a large pinch of mixed spices. Sour milk will be better than new; mix the cake with half a pint of it as quickly as possible, and do not lose any time in putting it into a greased tin, and bake for three-quarters of an hour in an oven rather quick at first and moderate afterwards.

WALPOLE PUDDING.—Scald some quinces until quite tender, pare them very thin, and scrape off the soft part, which is to be mixed with white sugar until sweet enough, and then flavored with ginger and cinnamon. Beat up the yolks of four eggs well, and add them to a pint of cream; then stir in your quince paste, so that the whole may be pretty thick. Line a buttered mould with a nice light paste, pour in the pudding, cover in, and bake.

A plain pie-dish well buttered, lined, and trimmed with a light paste may be, and is sometimes, used instead of a mould. We prefer the latter mode, as it is less trouble, and looks well.

A PRETTY DISH OF APPLES.—Take ten large apples; boil them till quite soft; peel and pulp them, mashing them till there are no lumps. Mix in half a pound of powdered loaf sugar, and beat them up for half an hour; then beat the whites of two eggs with a whisk, and mix with the apple; then mix with one-half, a small pot of red currant jelly, and with the other, any essence to flavor, which you may approve. Now, if it has been well mixed, one portion will be quite pink, and the other, stiff and white; then pile them on a glass dish, taking a spoonful of each alternately.

The Temperance Cause.

HOW PROHIBITION IS RUINING KANSAS.

GOVERNOR ST. JOHN, of Kansas, in a speech in the Brooklyn Tabernacle, Jan. 22, 1882, gave the following facts in regard to the effect which the Prohibitory law of that State has had on its material interest. It had been confidently asserted, and widely reported through the press that prohibition was ruining Kansas. There are between thirty and forty States of this Union

which would bear to be ruined in the same way.

²All over the East publications were made in the leading dailies, purporting to come from Kansas, that the State was being depleted; that business was destroyed; in fact, that the law was the greatest disaster that had ever occurred during the history of Kansas—worse than the grasshoppers and the drouth, and all other calamities that have befallen us. I went to the records. The assessment roll for 1881, under prohibition, showed

that the valuation of personal property alone was \$10,243,000 greater than it was in 1880 under free-whiskey rule, and a little over \$4,000,000 greater increase than any previous year in the history of Kansas. Now we want to be ruined in that way. New York will not object to be ruined in the same way. The next cry was that immigration had stopped, and it was ruining the railroads; so I concluded I would make some inquiry and see whether there was any truth in that assertion or not. Just before I left Topeka, on last Monday, I applied to General Manager C. C. Wheeler, of the Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fé Railway Co., for a statement showing the earnings of that road for 1880, under our old license system, and of 1881, under the adopted prohibition. He informed me, and I give the figures in round numbers—I have the exact figures with me here, but shall not take up the time by reading them—he informed me that in round numbers the year 1880 showed earnings for that road amounting to eight and a half million of dollars. In 1881 twelve million dollars was the sum earned by that road—an increase of nearly 50 per cent. in a single year. All the railroads in the country can stand that kind of injury at the hands of prohibition.

I have seen published during the last two weeks in the papers of New York, Brooklyn, and Philadelphia, a statement purporting to have come from Kansas, in which it is asserted that not less than 40,000 citizens have left Kansas and settled in Southwestern Missouri since our prohibitory law took effect. I desire to state here to-night that there is not a word of truth in that statement; but that Kansas has increased during the past eighteen months in population at least 160,000, and that that increase is made up of the very best citizens we ever had come to our State. It has been composed of that class of people who build school-houses, who build churches, who establish Sabbath-schools, who help to build up and make a State strong and vigorous, and worthy of the respect of the civilization of the world. We are also told that this law has entirely stopped foreign emigration to that State. You would be made to believe from many of the reports that one-half of our population is foreign. We have the least foreign population of any State in the West except Indiana. Our foreign population amounts to only about 11 per cent., but in justice to the foreigners—because it is a libel on every foreigner that comes to this country to intimate that he comes here with no higher ambition than to get drunk or have the privilege of making his neighbor drunk—I want to say that foreigners come here to build for themselves homes, and not alone to engage in the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors. Take the county of McPherson, in Kansas, one of the grandest counties in that State, with a population of nearly 20,000. Established only twelve years ago, it possesses the greatest percentage of foreign population of any county in Kansas, yet it gave 1,220 majority for prohibition. "Yes," said some, "that majority was made up of the American vote." Not so, for the reason that the entire American vote but little exceeded 1,220. Now let us see a moment. I went to the records giving the vote of the six townships in that county having the greatest foreign vote, and I found that those six townships gave the greatest majority for prohibition; and in

the township of Lindsborg, in that county, in which is situated the little village of Lindsborg, with 600 population, composed almost entirely of Swedish settlers, out of 237 votes cast, 225 were for prohibition.

Men talk to me about it driving away foreign emigration! A few months ago I was at Kansas City, Missouri, and I saw there five families, all Germans, just come from the old country. A gentleman went up to a man who was with them, and who seemed to be interpreter for them, and said: "Where are these Germans going?" "They are going to Kansas," was the reply. "Why," said he, "people are not going to Kansas, for the reason that they can get no lager-beer there; no intoxicating liquors are permitted to be sold." The interpreter talked to one of the old Germans a moment and then turned to the gentleman who had just addressed him, and said: "They request me to say to you, sir, that they are not going to Kansas for lager-beer; that they are going to Kansas to secure homes for themselves and families, and that their experience in their own country has taught them that there is more real happiness in one well-regulated home than there is in all the lager-beer ever manufactured." I said to myself: "God bless those German families! they are welcome to Kansas."

Kansas opens wide her doors to the down-trodden and oppressed of every nation. We have no sentinel at our portals to inquire where a man was born or to what political party he belongs. We care not whether he is black or white, rich or poor. If he is honest and willing to put forth an effort to make for himself and family an honest living, we say: "God bless you! our doors are open wide; you are welcome." You will notice in these publications in relation to the migration from Kansas into Southwestern Missouri—you will notice that the reason given why these great bodies move from one State to the other is prohibition, yet in the very next sentence assure you that they are selling more whiskey in Kansas to-day than ever before. One of the wholesale whisky-dealers in a report made to the Kansas City *Journal* in September last, said—and I think they are in a position to know—"While prohibition has injured our trade in Kansas, it has lessened our expenses." And why? "Because," said he, "we no longer send agents through Kansas to solicit business, because it don't pay." It seems to me that if there is more whiskey sold now than ever before, they would certainly send agents, because they send to other States around there. Now, then, if it were true—which it is not, but suppose it is true—that there are 40,000 people, or any other number, who have left Kansas and gone into Southwestern Missouri, will they better their condition very much? No. Why? Because Missouri to-day is moving on to prohibition just as surely as the rising and setting of the sun.

No question before the American people to-day has such a hold upon the heart of the West as this question of prohibition. No longer than last winter the people of thirty States of this nation knocked at the doors of the Legislatures and asked that the people be permitted to speak through the ballot-box upon this question. Politicians were cowardly. I desire to say to-night if there are any politicians in this audience, that you had better be trimming your sails; you are twen-

ty-five years behind the people on this question. You are not expressing or representing the public sentiment of this country, and the time will come when you will be compelled to take a position either for or against this measure, or get out of politics. You cannot occupy a neutral position upon this question. I tell you, citizens, that any party can afford to do right, and the party that is cowardly about this matter, the party that dare not take hold and endorse that which is right, must, in the very nature of things, eventually go down. How long would the Republican party have lived in the hearts of the people of this country had it continued the cowardly policy that existed in 1850? The Republican party never got a great and strong hold upon the hearts of the

people until it grappled with this question of human slavery and choked the life out of it. Nor will the Republican party, or any other party, ever continue, ever have power in this country any longer than that party dares to do right.

I was told a year ago—and it was a cry against me—that if I was re-nominated on the Republican ticket, it would endanger the success of the ticket in that State, simply because I was out-spoken in favor of the policy of prohibiting dram-shops. There were six other candidates before the convention. Notwithstanding all the talk about this weakening of the party, the people upon the first ballot in convention gave me more than two votes to one for the opposition."

Health Department.

PLAIN ADVICE TO BRAIN-WORKERS.

BY A FAMILY DOCTOR.

IN attempting to give a few words of plain and homely advice to brain-workers, I am really addressing a larger section of my readers than might at first be supposed. With an ever-increasing population, a gradual rise in the price to be paid for the bare necessities of life, and a consequent lessening of the value of money, the struggle for existence—in this country—is indeed a hard one, and becoming apparently year by year still more hard. In some measure, however, the fault is our own. We are not a contented race, we seem constantly to forget the fact that a contented mind conduces to longevity. We are unwilling to begin as our fathers began, in order to end as our fathers ended. The march is ever onward, the cry for ever "forward." Hence we harass our brains, weaken both heart and nerves, and thus age ourselves in the race for wealth or position, which very often we cannot enjoy when we obtain. It is often said, and with a great deal of truth, too, that the abuse of vinous stimulants helps to fill our lunatic asylums; but the excitement inseparable from many forms of business, sends its thousands annually to fill the dreary cells and wards of those institutions; and it is sad to think that some of our most hard-working and successful men fall victims at the very prime of their lives and height of their ambition, to some obscure form of brain-disease. So much for the wear-and-tear of life at the present day.

Now, before going on to mention any of the more common affections to which the brain is liable, let me say a word or two about the organ itself and the nervous system generally. The brain is situated within the skull, and is surrounded by and rests upon several membranes, which not only give it support mechanically, but feed it and supply it with nutrition, in the shape of oxygenized blood. The spinal chord is, so to speak, a continuation of the neurine or brain-matter; from the two proceed the nerves of voluntary motion and sensation, in the brain residing the ruling and guiding power that controls all our actions, and in it, too, the powers of intelligence, will, and emotion.

It is in the grey matter of the brain that nervous force is said to originate. This, when in a state of health, contains nerve-cells in abundance, and it is in it that impressions from without are stored up, considered, and acted upon; it is the seat of memory and of will. From it there branch off to every part of the body, the nerves of sensation and voluntary motion. Connected with the brain and spinal chord is another set of nerves; this is called the sympathetic or ganglionic system, because it consists of a series of knots or *ganglia*, placed on each side of the spinal chord, but joined to each other and to the brain by nervous filaments, etc. This system supplies branches to the heart, the lungs, and the internal viscera generally, these branches governing the motions of the organs to which they are supplied; they are called, therefore, the nerves of involuntary motion. Over them we have no control of mind, they act independently of all thought; the heart goes on beating, and the lungs breathing, even when we are fast asleep. But this we must remember, viz., that there is an intimate connection between even these nerves and the brain itself; so much do they act and re-act on each other, that the one cannot be affected for good or ill without the other participating. We cannot be happy or feel well unless the brain is in a healthy condition, and wholesome impressions supplied through lungs, or liver, or skin, contribute to happiness. The nerves are toned and braced up by pure air, fresh water, and healthful exercise, and through the nerves *the brain and mind*; while, on the other hand, every pleasant sight, or sound, or impression tends to calm and soothe the involuntary nervous system, and regulate the flow of the secretions over which they preside. As, too, these secretions are used in the animal economy to change the food we eat into healthy life-giving blood, we cannot wonder that quiet, freedom from care, and cheerful society should tend to increase the appetite, or the reverse of these conditions serve to check it entirely. We are fearfully and wonderfully made, and, although there be wheels within wheels in man's mechanism—wheels that for convenience sake we talk about as different systems, yet so intimate is the union between them that one cannot ail in the

slightest without, to some extent, all the others ailing too.

To do its work well, the brain needs to be supplied with the purest and most healthy of blood—blood that has been well oxygenized by the breathing of pure air—the only natural stimulant—blood that is rich in the products needed to build up wasted tissue, and blood that is free from contamination with either bile from the liver, or urea from the kidney, or any of the many drugs used as stimulants. But the brain needs something else to keep it in a state of health and comfort, it needs periods of complete rest, and people who cannot obtain such mental refreshment without artificial means are, to put it plainly, burning the candle at both ends; they are living on the capital instead of the interest, and assuredly shortening their lives.

The human frame, after all, is but a machine; yet, strange to say, many people expect to do with this machine what they would never dream of doing with any other. They know very well that the more wear-and-tear they take out of a mill, for instance, the shorter time it will last, and the more liable it will be to a sudden break-down, but seldom suspect that the same law holds good with regard to their own bodies. Old age and natural decay come, alas! soon enough to us all, but pitiable, indeed, is the plight of that man who, through overweening ambition, and cerebral excitement caused by business, finds himself breaking down long before the *dies naturæ* should have arrived, and the more pitiable still, if he happens to have others depending on his exertions for, mayhap, the necessities of life and comfort. When we possess a very valuable and probably delicate mechanical instrument, are we not exceedingly careful of it? Do we not clean it and dust it, and put it back carefully and tenderly into its case after we have used it? We do, and yet our lives are more valuable than anything else, but how carelessly we live! Were sudden death itself at an early age the only penalty we rendered ourselves liable to, from over-exertion of the brain, we might be excused for working away and taking our chance, as the saying is; but it is not, for, apart from the more painful inflammations, abscesses, and apoplexies which the brain and its membranes are subject to, apart even from insanity itself, there are many other dreadful ailments to which those who abuse their brains are peculiarly liable, and which are really worse than death. It is with a view of warning, not alarming any of my readers, that I here mention the symptoms of one or two of these.

Chronic inflammation of the brain, for example, although often a sequel of the more acute disease, may come on insidiously, especially in those who are in the habit of poisoning their blood by the abuse of stimulants. Among the first symptoms of this disease, may be noted a feeling of fullness about the head, perhaps not amounting to actual pain, the appetite fails, there will be constipation and dyspeptic symptoms, and as far as the mind is concerned, either great depression of spirits, or just the reverse, unusual excitement. There are at the same time nervousness and often a strange hesitancy in speech, not probably amounting to positive stammering but sufficient nevertheless to be noticed by friends or acquaintances.

Headaches may now come to further afflict the

patient, the senses of sight, hearing, and smell become affected, there are distressing noises in the ears, the memory gradually fails, and one day paralysis comes on, and the health entirely failing, death from exhaustion is the final result. Of the treatment of such a case I will presently speak.

We are all familiar with the term "congestion of the brain;" most men of business are, at all events, and most hard-working writers. For a long time the members of my profession had an idea that the amount of blood in the brain never increased to any great extent, that the blood-vessels could be full, but never over-full. We know now, however, from experiment that this was a mistaken notion, and that the arteries and veins may be so over-charged with blood as to exert a very deleterious pressure on the brain-matter. That kind of headache which some speakers, clergymen, or actors suffer from after their official duties, may be cited as a temporary form of congestion. Rest in the recumbent position, and subsequent sleep, are usually all that is required to remove it. But long-continued congestion of the brain, or daily-recurring congestion, whether produced by hard work, worry, or the abuse of stimulants, can hardly take place without evil consequences. One of these is called *œdema*, or dropsy of the brain. The turbid veins exude the watery portion of their contents, with this the brain-matter becomes infiltrated, and, very gradually, perhaps, the sufferer begins to feel that he is not the man he formerly was; he becomes drowsy and inactive during the day, is subject to fits of somnolency, which he tries to throw off, but in vain, his appetite is capricious, his pulse often irregular, he suffers from depression of spirits, the intellectual powers become dulled and memory fails, and if apoplexy does not carry him off soon, his general health breaks up, muscular weakness comes on, and he dies, very gradually, perhaps, but surely.

In softening of the brain, there is usually at first much depression of spirits, amounting even to gloom; a veil of crape seems thrown over the brain, through which the soul can hardly see, there are severe pains in the head, eyesight and hearing become impaired, and so does the memory, and the mind is often strangely emotional, the sufferer being easily affected to tears upon the least excitement, or on hearing and reading tales of distress. Sometimes in a case of this kind there is a tendency to stupor or somnolency after eating, and we should also expect to find the muscular system interfered with, the pressure of lying on one limb bringing on, pricking sensations and numbness. Sleep, too, is often rendered impossible either by the pains in the head, or by severe cramps in the limbs, or in the chest or sides. I do not mean to say that any one or more of these symptoms are decidedly diagnostic, but collectively they tell their tale, and they each and all point to nervousness and brain-mischief. And they often lead on to worse; for the patient may die suddenly of apoplexy, or paralysis with its attendant evils may come on. And than this latter disease there are few more terrible to a sensitive and formerly active man; to be suddenly deprived of the power of motion, to be unable to help himself in any way, or even make himself understood to his attendants, is a state of

affairs very painful to contemplate. Now, as regards the treatment of cases brought on by overtaxing the brain, it simply resolves itself into combating symptoms as they arise, careful regulation of the bowels, the giving up of habits and even duties that tend to excite the brain or weaken the body, and the support of the system by a carefully regulated and restricted diet; and I may add to these the exhibition of mild tonics, and change of air and scene. Without such a course, the brain-worker should remember that when once he feels a tendency to break down, he will only, can only, go on from bad to worse, until there stalks into his presence—the inevitable. This short paper will not be read in vain if I but succeed in convincing even one busy-brained in-

dividual that honor and fame and wealth are dearly bought at the price which, alas! is but too frequently paid for them. A fair amount of intellectual employment is conducive to health and happiness—but for one man who keeps brain-work within the bounds of prudence, there are thousands who literally "die in harness."

Let me conclude by saying just one word to a class of men of the city, with whom I often come in contact. Hard workers they are doubtless, and wealth-worshippers withal, but many of them never rise refreshed, seldom feel "themselves" in a forenoon, brighten up towards the close of the day, are all right at dinner-time, and over the walnuts and wine—why, they never felt better in their lives. The one word is this—BEWARE!

Nancy Needlework.

NURSERY BALL.

SOFT woollen balls are playthings always highly appreciated; little ones, from babyhood upwards, delight in their gay colors, and, above all, in their fluffy substance, which is so peculiarly attractive to infantile fingers. We all know the spirited tugs pussy's coat and the fleece of the toy lamb receive in consequence. Mothers and nurses, too, like the soft ball, for they can leave the children to have capital fun with it, and be in no fear of broken windows or ornaments.



FIG. 1
BUTTING LOOPS OF BALL.

Like most home-made playthings, the ball costs a mere nothing, as odds and ends of every kind of wool can be used for it; in fact, the more colors introduced the better. To make one, proceed as follows:—Cut out two circles of card board of about the size you intend the ball to be, varying, say, from 4 in. to 12 in. in circumference. In the centre of each, cut out a round hole from one-third to one-fourth of the cardboard; for instance, a circle 4 in. in diameter will have a hole from 1 in. to 1½ in. across. Place these two rings together, thread a needle with doubled wool, and pass it through the hole, over and over the ring. At every fresh needleful let the ends of wool come outside, and continue to wind till there is no more room to pass the needle through the hole. The winding finished, hold the covered circle in the left hand and, taking sharp scissors, insert one point of them between the two cardboard rings at the outer edge, then cut along, splitting the several layers of wool loops, as shown in the illustration (fig. 1).

These loops, when separated, spring back, and

stand out like two little brooms on either side. Now pull the two rings of cardboard a little apart, just to allow winding a piece of strong twine round the wool in the centre; after passing



FIG. 2—TYING BALL.

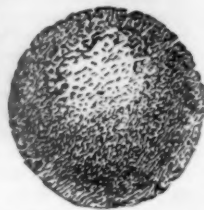
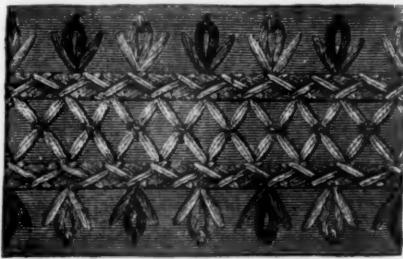


FIG. 3—BALL COMPLETE.

the string four or five times, knot it very tightly, and you may then with safety remove the supporting cardboard circles by snipping them here and there, and withdrawing the pieces. In fig. 2, the ball is seen tied in this way. The separating cardboard being withdrawn, and the ends of twine snugly tucked inside, the bristling wool is combed or rubbed together, when it presents a solid ball that is trimmed till the shaggy surface is as smooth as velvet (fig. 3).

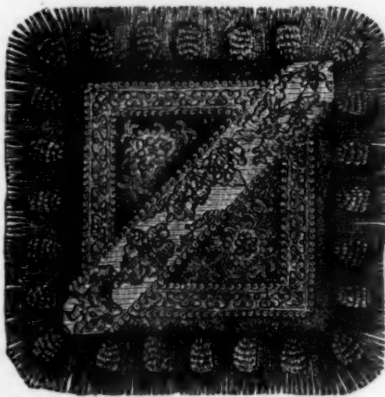
If not utilizing stray skeins, shaded wool might be chosen as the simplest medium of obtaining a mottled appearance. In other ways regular stripes, spots, and various markings can be reproduced by winding each round or each half and quarter of a round in distinct and well contrasting colors; in short, numerous little freaks can be tried for fresh diversity.

In the same manner are made the small fluffy balls which are now so abundant in the finish of embroidered valances, small table-covers, trimmings of baskets, etc., besides the peak of Neapolitan caps, and many woollen garments for children. The closer the twining of the cardboard and the thicker the wool, the more compact and glossy the outer edge of the ball.



BORDER: EMBROIDERY.

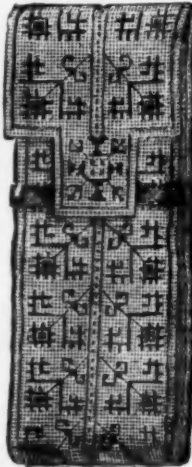
This border is suitable for trimming children's dresses, petticoats, &c. It is worked with Andalusian wool, or double lengths of crewel of two colors, in long and herringbone stitches.



LAMP-MAT.

The foundation of the mat may be plush, satin, or rep; it is embroidered with crewel on bands of light-colored cloth. The centre stripe must be edged by sewing on gold thread, and forming a little picot of the same. The edge is finished in the same way as the centre diagonal stripe. The mat is finished with crewel fringe, to which little

tufts of crewel are added; these tufts are made by twisting crewel over a cedar pencil, and fastening each turn with a twist of very fine mounting-wire.



SILK OR CREWEL CASE.



BORDER: CROSS-STITCH.

BORDER: CROSS AND ITALIAN STITCH.

This border will serve a variety of purposes, such as edgings for doilies, or children's bibs, pinafores, or underclothing.

SILK OR CREWEL CASES.

The silk case is of coarse, undressed holland. It is ornamented with Italian-stitch, in red ingrain silk. The case measures thirty-five inches, including the flap, which is five inches long. The inner parts are of double holland. The stitchings for the skeins should be at intervals of three-quarters of an inch, and must be buttonholed top and bottom, for the skeins to be passed through them; two sets of skeins, one above the other, can be put into a case of the length described. The cover of the case is stitched down to the lining, and the flap is cut to design; a piece of sarsenet ribbon is stitched to it, and is tied in a bow at the back.

Art at Home.

BEAUTIFYING A HOME.

I THINK we will all agree that there is no pursuit so satisfactory as that of improving one's own home. It matters not how dull, or awkward, the house may be; the uglier to begin with, the more encouraging the sense of overcoming hostile circumstances. Nor is want of fortune discouraging in this amusement, for the complete pleasure of furnishing is not tasted unless one has less money than he wants to spend. A millionaire may hang his rooms with Japanese damask, at eighteen dollars a yard, if he chooses, and not feel the expense; but after experience, you will find that the greatest pleasure comes from affording just the materials to work with, and

carrying out the design with your own head and hands. The foregoing remarks are preparatory to speaking of some plans for country houses of the common sort. The one that we will take for example, and describe the furnishing of, was chosen as a home by a professional writer, and the alterations were designed by the owner, and carried out by the family, one of whom had a clever turn for carpentry.

The parlor and study in one, was fifteen feet by twenty-two, and eight feet high. The plaster was poor, and accordingly was removed, showing the old chestnut beam running across the ceiling, which was replastered against the floor lining. The plaster was stained a cream-grey tint, very mellow and pleasing in contrast to the warm-hued

timber. The beam was square and chamfered, relieved by sunken lines and dots of black, and the wood was finished in oil.

Of course, the house was cold—all American country houses are—and a wainscoting was planned to add warmth. This was chestnut, with a six-inch base-board, above which vertical chestnut was laid alternately in half-inch sections twelve inches wide, and five-inch boards an inch thick, with a horizontal board at the top and a plain moulded cap. This made a plain, but handsome panelling of a rather uncommon sort. Above it the wall was a warm drab, with yellowish tinge that held the sunshine in it, with six-inch frieze and border of dark red. The windows were broad, sixteen-paned sashes, with old-fashioned rosette mouldings at the corners, very stiff and ugly things in their chilly white paint, but taking a quaint formal grace when painted a middle tint of brown, like old chestnut, picked out with dead gilding. The doors were wretched affairs, but at an auction in the neighborhood the owner saw some unhung doors with many solid panels lying in a carriage-house, and a little examination with a penknife showed that under the paint was good sound maple. A bargain was struck for them, the seller wondering compassionately at the poverty which led folks to invest in worn-out joinery. The doors were taken to the barn, treated to several baths of hot concentrated lye, and the paint scrubbed off with sand, when the fair maple stood revealed, as pretty a piece of panelling as any one could desire. The wood was white as new, but a slight stain darkened it to suit the chestnut, and turpentine and beeswax lent the low finish which the dignity of old wood requires. The old brass latches, which had been painted by way of improvement, were rescued from their ignominy, polished with acid, rottenstone, and whiting, and added their lustre to that of modern strap hinges and finger-plates of glass over brass to the sombre wood. The criticism of the country visitors freely expressed was that "barn hinges did look consid'able queer in a pahrlor," and one pitying neighbor privately remonstrated with the owner against using such old rubbish when he could buy genteel bronze knobs and hinges for twenty shillings complete. A sight of the bill for the hinges, which cost more than twenty shillings, increased his respect for the hardware of the building, but the general verdict was that there was "no 'counting for city folks' fallacies."

The floors were as mean spruce as the speculating builder ever puts into a new house, which is saying everything to condemn them. Hence there was no staining or polishing attempted. The corners and edges for a border of twelve inches were painted first with a coat of Wheeler's filler, and then with deep brown in copal varnish. This allowed of a square carpet, which was manufactured—shall I tell you how? At one of those picturesque village auctions, which are such an amusement to curiosity-seekers, the mistress of the mansion saw a piece of ancient Kidderminster of a quality we do not see nowadays, woven in blue and red Turkey figuring, admirably softened by time. It was well kept, being the property of an ancient spinster given to hoarding, but nobody seemed to want it, and it was secured for twenty-five cents. After a steam cleansing and sunning for three days, it was fitted with a border of plain

brown Wilton, and outside of this with a quaint red and blue border, which the carpet-dealer had been dreading as unsalable, but which was made for this dilemma. The room was thus covered with a quaint carpet, with Eastern centre, like a Persian mat of value, and the color brought out by a wide brown border and its bright harmonizing finish. Better coloring could not be found in any rug for the purpose, nor was the effect at all marred by the brass rings sewed at regular distances on the edge which held it to nails in the floor.

Such a room, with its modest splendor of color, needed curtains warm in hue and fabric. Amber and wine-red glass in the three top rows of panes shed rich lights over the room—that is to say, gelatine sheets were laid over the glass in patterns to be replaced some time by antique glass. But the colors were most artistically chosen. The curtains are red-brown velvet, with heading and lower border of dark amber Turkish satin, with two or three stripes in red embroidery and velvet ribbon next the satin. The summer curtains of pinkish Madras muslin were left during the winter to improve the effect of the window from outside.

The furniture was handsome and old, with many odd tables, round, oval, and half-moon, and tip-up stands. The old-fashioned piano, a family relic, was turned into a writing-table, with immense space for papers under the lid. The broad mahogany chairs were cushioned with needle-work of red and yellow washing silk on half-bleached coarse linen. A sampler framed here in pierced and gilded frame of Vienna work; an old portrait or two with groups of miniatures, old music-racks, and easels for engravings; two long chestnut settees with square cushions in scarlet and blue Turkish applique; a corner case of relics; a double west window, to give the room all the sun for half the day, and screened with flowers in faience pots on the broad sill—these are pleasant features of the drawing-room at Seacock.

The Art Amateur.

PORTIERES.

PORTIERES, or door-hangings, make a great difference in the appearance and comfort of a room, for few things are more unsightly than a blank door meeting one at every turn. A few practical hints as to the choice of them, both as regards color and material, may be found useful.

The chief beauty of any drapery should be looked for in the folds into which it naturally falls; in choosing a material for portieres this should never be forgotten. Provided you have a color which harmonizes with the other coloring of the room, and provided you have also a material which falls naturally into soft and artistic folds, your portiere, however simple and inexpensive, is sure to be successful. Portieres may be made of almost any material suitable for curtains. They need not match the other draperies of the room, but simply contrast well. In our opinion, no kind of work is so suitable for portieres as the crevel wool-work so much in vogue. A great improvement has, of late years, been made in the production of fabrics suitable for household draperies, and we may now safely say, that it is the purchaser's own fault if she does not choose hang-

ings which would please the most fastidious taste. In the place of rep, which a few years ago was almost the only material of moderate price that could be bought for the purpose, we have now, beside canton flannel in every color, serge, raw silk, and many other beautiful and inexpensive materials, capable of taking the most delicate and harmonious colorings. If the material for the portiere is plain, it is generally desirable that it should be trimmed or ornamented in some manner. Crewel wool embroidery, worked on the material of the portiere itself, will be found a very suitable trimming; or if the hanging be of serge, bands of a contrasting serge make a pretty finish. With these few hints, we think the housewife will be able, with the aid of her own taste, to succeed very creditably in her undertaking. The portiere is finished at the top with a rod and rings.

TOILET TABLE COVERS.

GREAT taste and variety are now displayed in the decoration of toilet tables. Plush and satin, or a pretty patterned cretonne, are the favorite materials. Pale blue, peacock blue of a rich shade, and red are the colors usually seen, and these are arranged with cream Madras muslin, cream lace, or the fancy-colored flowered Indian muslin, now in vogue for curtains and window-blinds. Satin (cotton backed) is often used as the centre of the top of the toilet table, and plush as the broad border, also satin as the drapery over a deep band of plush. Sometimes the satin is arranged as a deep box-plaited flounce, with drapery of Madras muslin above, and the

top is of satin, with a lace edging and loops of ribbon at the corners. The foundation, underneath the muslin, and to which the flounce is sewed, is of blue lining. Many ladies place the beautiful little square, colored, oriental-looking table mats beside the looking-glass, underneath the glass scent-bottles or brush tray. These mats are principally in red and gold-colored plush, with worsted tassels all round. Another favorite practice is, covering square and long-shaped card-board boxes with the same as the table drapery, to keep gloves or handkerchiefs in on one side and odds and ends of ribbon on the other. The pincushion is also covered to match. Toilet tables are so wide now that several knicknacks can be kept on them. Those standing in windows often have a piece of board fastened on to the back to widen them. This piece is hidden by the toilet cover. Embroidered and even painted valances are used for putting round the edge of the table. Pieces of worked satin, intended for banner screens, are let into the front like panels, surrounded by muslin, lace, or plaiting of satin.

Simpler toilet covers, are of a cross-barred linen material, with large stars of colored worsted or silk worked all over at intervals. Another design is to mark out a cross-barred pattern all over the material and cover it with feather-stitch in two colored ingrained crochet cottons, blue and red being most in favor. The blue and red linen Russian lace is used for edging. Both these styles are also much in vogue for tea clothes and cosies. Occasionally a band of plush is added, which is removed when the cloth requires cleaning, and the cosy is of the same plush.

Varieties.

THOUGHTS AND SENTIMENTS.

You have plenty of this world's goods if, with your little, you have content. If you have not content, you can never have enough of anything.

LET us never forget that every station in life is necessary; that each deserves our respect; that not the station itself, but the worthy fulfilment of its duties, does honor to a man.

A CERTAIN amount of opposition is a great help to a man. Kites rise against and not with the wind. Even a head-wind is better than none. No man ever worked his passage anywhere in a dead calm.

WE do not go to heaven, but heaven comes to us. They whose inner eye is opened to see heaven, and they who see it, are in it; and the air to them is thick with angels, like the back-ground of Raphael's "Mother in Glory."

WITHOUT earnestness no man is ever great or does really great things. He may be the cleverest of men; he may be brilliant, entertaining, popular; but he will want weight. No soul-moving picture was ever painted that had not its depth of shadow.

THE noble passion, true love, contains all the elements of self-sacrifice. Love that pines, and whines, and envies, and feels spiteful at every attention not lavished on itself and its own gratification, is not love at all, although it goes so often by the name and is mistaken for it.

How many take a wrong view of life, and waste their energies and destroy their nervous system in endeavoring to accumulate wealth, without thinking of the present happiness they are throwing away! It is not wealth or high station that makes a man happy—many of the most wretched beings on earth have both—but it is a sunny spirit which knows how to bear little trials and enjoy comforts, and thus extract happiness from every incident in life.

IGNORING or quickly forgetting personal injuries is characteristic of true greatness, when meaner natures would be kept in unrest by them. The less of a man a person is, the more he makes of an injury or an insult. The more of a man he is, the less he is disturbed by what others say or do against him without cause. "The sea remembers not the vessel's rending keel, but rushes joyously the ravage to conceal." It is the tiny streamlet which is kept in a sputter by a stick thrust into its waters by a wilful boy.

WIT AND HUMOR,

BAND OF HOPE.—An engagement ring.

The watch repairer is always engaged in spring cleaning.

FLOWING LOCKS.—Those of a canal—when they are opened.

WHEN a man is climbing the ladder of fame he likes rounds of applause.

WHEN does a man impose upon himself?—When he taxes his memory.

SECRETS should never be confided to belles. They are liable to be tolled.

To make a thin man appear fat—call after him and he will then look round.

THERE is a romance in figures. A young man met a girl, 1'er, married her, and took her on a wedding 2-er.

LADIES will never succeed as railway guards. Their trains are always behind.

In proof of the assertion that cattle will stray into strange places, we may say that we have seen a cow hide in a shoemaker's shop.

It is strange how much better many people can hear when their eyes are shut. Just notice at church how many people listen in that way.

WHAT is an artist to do when he is out of canvas? He should draw on his imagination.

LORD BEACONSFIELD spoke of a certain lord as "one of those who entertain such a sacred regard for truth that he will not use it too freely."

COLLECTOR: "How many more times do you wish me to call for this money?" Debtor: "My dear sir, you need never call again. I shall not be offended."

A QUAKER's advice to his son on his wedding-day: "When thee went a courting I told thee to keep thy eyes wide open. Now that thee is married, I tell thee to keep them half-shut."

ANAGRAM.—The following is a happy transposition and teaches a valuable lesson:

Pray tell me where is Christianity?
Transpose the letters: *It's in charity.*

A PROVINCIAL manufacturer, who was detained by a heavy snowfall from keeping a business appointment, penned a dispatch to his customer which ran thus: "My dear sir, I have every motive for visiting you except a locomotive."

A WESTERN citizen, on being informed that in his absence a panther had attacked his wife, and that she had beaten off and killed the animal, merely shrugged his shoulders and said: "Ef that panther had knowed her as well as I do, he'd never riled her up, you bet!"

Fashion Department.

FASHIONS FOR APRIL.

NEW dresses are made with skirts quite short, disclosing the instep and ankle. A skirt, merely clearing the ground, has been found even worse than quite a long one, as it is likely to drag and touch, so soiling even more easily than one needing to be looped up. Handsome spring dresses are of combined satin and moire, sometimes trimmed with heavy passanteries of jet and silk cords.

The great fancy is for stripes. Gros-grain and velvets, satin and moire, etc., are either woven in the material, or plaitings made up in stripes, are used to trim plain foundations of silk or satin. A new idea is a kilt-plaiting formed of pieces of black and white silk, so arranged that the black appears on top while the white gleams beneath every plait, like a facing. Whole front breadths of skirts are sometimes made of different material from the rest of the costumes, often puffed or composed of wide or narrow flounces. From the sides go off short paniers or draperies, joining a bouffant back breadth. The skirt is finished round the hem with one or two narrow knife-plaitings.

The favorite polonaise has a short, open front with a panier effect, passing high across the sides, from falling long behind. Such a garment is worn over a skirt of contrasting material, either plain velvet or heavy silk laid in broad box-plaits. Another polonaise has a basque-waist, with puffed or sash drapery attached across the hips, and arranged to form a skirt.

Some new sleeve designs are surprising, rather than beautiful. One model shows a full puff below the shoulder, then a mass of shirring, another puff at the elbow, and an open frill terminating a few inches above the waist. A prettier sleeve is more like the plain coat style, except for a puff at the shoulder. Still another reaches only to the elbow, is plain above, and has several rows of puffs below. It seems that one can scarcely go wrong in having a sleeve puffed anywhere, only it should be short and finished with a lace ruffle.

For spring and summer wear, few fabrics will be so popular as the foulard silks, embroidered pongees, and nun's-veilings. The first of these come in both dark and light grounds, covered with dots or sprays of flowers, or birds in bright colors. Some of these have woven borders for trimming. Beautiful pongees and China silks are of all shades of delicate colors, pink, sky-blue, Nile-green, etc. The trimming-borders are embroidered. The delicate woollen materials are of light-colored grounds, while their embroidered borders imitate lilies, pansies, autumn leaves and other bright objects. These last, however, are expensive. Pure, creamy, woollen materials come without borders, and may be simply trimmed with inexpensive, cream-colored laces. These may be made up over light cotton satins as foundations—in fact, all skirts are now made in one piece, upon a lining fabric.

New stockings show either woven or embroidered designs in fruit, such as cherries, strawberries, apples, and the like; both fruit and leaves being in their natural colors.

Notes and Comments.

"Good Society."

"GOOD SOCIETY" is a term variously understood. In its most popular meaning, it refers to a class in our larger cities, which from wealth, family connections, or some other factitious distinction, arrogates to itself superior excellence, and hedges itself around with exclusiveness. The passport into its charmed circle is not personal character, virtue, intelligence, or unselfish devotion to the public good. Pleasure as a business, seems to be the chief end of this so-called "good society."

But there is a higher order of good society—a truer, nobler order—with its charmed circle into which these cannot enter. Referring to a true and false estimate of society, the *Philadelphia Press* in a recent number, made some well-considered remarks, a portion of which we copy:

"There are few shibboleths so false and fewer that snare more, than the assumption that society is a matter of invitations and a visiting list, and lies only in the line of dancing, dining and visits. Conventions, current comment and accepted phrases point that way and point wrongly. Life would be easier, fuller and less awkward if people—and in fairly equal shares the people in, and the people out of the local Vanity Fair, be its booths on Beacon street, Fifth Avenue, or Walnut—would learn that society—above all, good society properly so-called, is not to be pointed out with a lo here or a lo there; but, like the Kingdom of Heaven is in you—known as such by its work.

"Idlers there are, with leisure for anything but work and usefulness, who stand aside from everything that counts in life, on a scale large or small, who make a trade of amusing themselves, and gain there the proficiency all professionals win; but for the greater world, which counts in the serious business of life, trouble disquiet and a certain needless, it may be lowering, effort and struggle will be saved if a clear understanding is had that all the society worth having grows on a life like the blossoms on a tree—by virtue of its own sap and strength, and, like the bloom of a healthy tree, sets in fruit. Society is not a thing to be sought nor struggled for, but reaches the life of every man with the social instinct as part of his daily living. The social kingdom is not in meat, or in drink, or in parties or balls; but in the contact of man with man, and the companionship of men and women, and it comes to each man and woman worth it by the sure growth and ripening of an inner core of friends and an outer circle of acquaintances. To be the centre of such a ripened growth in the better side of life is to be "in society," and the man or woman, who lacks it, is out of society, though their visiting list holds half the titles of Christendom, and a place on it is longed for by the other half.

"So judged and so measured, to be in society counts. It comes to men as all things of good endeavor come—by virtue of work and worth. In their own full measure and desert, each human being is in society, or is shut out by fault and for

penalty. For the natural laws of true society are more rigorous in their working than all convention, and a footing in good society of your own life-making is harder to win than entrance in some artificial circle. A position you may make by a leap; a place among friends, no. Looking at men and women level-eyed in the light of this truth, regarding the fundamental social principle that each has the right of his own acquaintance, and you have the ideal of a social democracy in which each man picks and makes his circle, and is known by it. It takes two to make a social bargain, and the right of exclusion is the first and fundamental guaranty of freedom in a social democracy. We all practice it; we all should; by no other selection can a man or woman be at last in society in the better sense, with the best about you which the best of your own life has drawn."

The Wedding Ring.

THE wedding ring, so important in Christian marriages, is among the most ancient of all observances, and one that is clearly traced to heathen sources—Romans, Greeks, Egyptians, and many other ancient nations used wedding rings. They were made of iron, gold, brass and copper, and generally had some inscription inscribed upon them, such as "May you live long," "I bring good fortune to the wearer." Other rings which have been discovered in ancient sepulchres have keys engraved upon them, evidently as an indication of the wife's domestic authority. The Christian Church made the placing of the ring on the woman's hand an imperative portion of the nuptial union, but strange to say, while adopting the pagan custom, it did not define the material of which the ring should be made, so that some ludicrous substitutes have done service in instances where the nervous bridegroom has forgotten to bring the necessary circlet in his waistcoat pocket. The church key and curtain rings have more than once been brought into requisition, and a few years ago a wedding was solemnized in Boston, at which the ring was a circle of kid cut from the bridegroom's glove. Some suppose that a ring containing precious stones cannot be used; but they were fashionable in the Middle Ages and even later. Mary, Queen of Scots, had three wedding rings, two in gold and the centre one an entire circle of diamonds. Rings used to be placed on the bride's right hand, as is still the custom in Germany. In England, a century ago, marriage rings, although put on the second finger of the left hand at the church ceremony, were afterwards worn on the thumb.

The Step-Mother.

OUR frontispiece this month is a story-picture in which a family history may be read. It is from a painting by Haynes Williams, an English artist, which was in the Royal Academy exhibition of 1880, and received high praise.

Tennyson's Latest Poem.

THE following poem made its first appearance in London, on the 28th of February, and was sent by cable to the New York *Independent*, in which paper it appeared on the following day. It is entitled:

"THE CHARGE OF THE HEAVY BRIGADE.

Balaklava, October 25, 1854."

I.

The charge of the gallant Three Hundred, the Heavy Brigade!
Down the hill, down the hill, thousand of Russians,
Thousands of horsemen drew to the valley—and stayed.
For Scarlett and Scarlett's Three Hundred were riding by,
When the points of the Russian lances broke in on the sky;
And he called "Left wheel into line," and they wheeled and obeyed.
Then he looked at the host that had halted, he knew not why,
And he turned half round, and he bade his trumpet sound
"To the charge!" and he rode on ahead, as he waved his blade
To the gallant Three Hundred, whose glory will never die.
"Follow and up the hill!"
Up the hill, up the hill, followed the Heavy Brigade.

II.

The trumpet, the gallop, the charge, and the might of the fight,
Down the hill, slowly, thousands of Russians
Drew to the valley, and halted at last on the height,
With a wing pushed out to the left and a wing to the right.
But Scarlett was far on ahead, and he dashed up alone
Through the great grey slope of men;
And he whirled his sabre, he held his own
Like an Englishman there and then,
And the three that were nearest him followed with force,
Wedged themselves in between horse and horse;
Fought for their lives in the narrow gap they had made,
Four amid thousands; and up the hill, up the hill,
Galloped the gallant Three Hundred, the Heavy Brigade.

III.

Fell like a cannon shot,
Burst like a thunder-bolt,
Crashed like a hurricane,
Broke through the mass from below,
Drove through the midst of the foe,
Plunged up and down—to and fro;
Rode, flashing blow upon blow,
Brave Inniskillings and Greys,
Whirling their sabres in circles of light,
And some of us, all in amaze,
Who were held for awhile from the fight,
And were only standing at gaze
When the dark muffled Russian crowd
Folded its wings from the left and the right
And rolled them around like a cloud—
Oh! mad for the charge and the battle were we,
When our own good red-coats sank from sight,
Like drops of blood in a dark grey sea;
And we turned to each other muttering, all dismayed:
"Lost are the gallant Three Hundred, the Heavy Brigade!"

IV.

But they rode like victors and lords,
Through the forest of lances and swords;
In the heart of the Russian hordes,
They rode, or they stood at bay;
Struck with the sword-hand and slew;
Down with the bridle-hand drew
The foe from the saddle, and threw
Under foot there in the fray;
Ranged like a storm, or stood like a rock
In the wave of a stormy day;
Till suddenly, shock upon shock,

Staggered the mass from without;
For our men galloped up with a cheer and a shout,
And the Russians surged and wavered and reeled
Up the hill, up the hill, up the hill, out of the field,
Over the brow and away.

V.

Glory to each and to all, and the charge that they made!
Glory to all the Three Hundred—the Heavy Brigade.

A note appended to the poem states; The Three Hundred of the Heavy Brigade, who made this famous charge, were the Scots' Greys, and the second squadron of the Inniskillings, the remainder of the Heavy Brigade subsequently dashing up to their support. The three were Elliot, Scarlett's aide-de-camp, who had been riding by his side, and the trumpeter and Shogog, the orderly, who had been close behind him.

It cost the *Independent* \$10 a line in addition to the cable charges to get this poem. The large price was not paid, however, as an investment in valuable literary matter, but as an advertisement. In regard to the merit of the poem, critics differ widely. It is certainly very graphic as the word-painting of a battle scene.

About the Blind.

THE circular printed below is self-explanatory: The number of blind persons in Pennsylvania, by the census of 1880, is nearly 4,000. The number in each county is as follows:

Adams	43	Lancaster	111
Allegheny	209	Lawrence	37
Armstrong	54	Lebanon	31
Beaver	30	Lehigh	62
Bradford	33	Luzerne	127
Blair	43	Lycoming	51
Berks	95	McKean	2
Bradford	47	Mercer	63
Bucks	63	Mifflin	17
Butler	26	Monroe	24
Cambria	45	Montgomery	80
Cameron	5	Montour	11
Carbon	35	Northumberland	44
Centre	25	Northampton	57
Chester	81	Perry	29
Clarion	30	Philadelphia	968
Clearfield	19	Pike	13
Clinton	16	Potter	18
Columbia	36	Schuylkill	116
Crawford	54	Snyder	23
Cumberland	37	Somerset	32
Dauphin	55	Sullivan	4
Delaware	50	Susquehanna	23
Elk	7	Tioga	27
Erie	78	Union	10
Fayette	72	Venango	25
Forest	3	Warren	26
Franklin	53	Washington	50
Fulton	10	Wayne	36
Green	39	Westmoreland	60
Huntingdon	33	Wyoming	16
Indiana	38	York	73
Jefferson	19		
Juniata	18	Total	3,907
Lackawanna	107		

The "Pennsylvania Institution for the Instruction of the Blind" will receive applicants between the ages of 10 and 25.

The "Pennsylvania Working Home for Blind Men" will receive those between the ages of 25 and 50, to learn trades and receive employment therein.

And the "Pennsylvania Industrial Home for Blind Women" will instruct and employ blind females of 21 years and upwards.

The last two institutions are supported mainly by legacies and benevolent contributions.

It is very certain that a large number of the blind in the counties know nothing about these institutions; and also that very many who do know of them have not had the friendly hand to prepare the way for their coming here.

It is obviously the kind office of every good citizen, and certainly the official duty of the Guardians of the poor, to look faithfully into this matter.

WILLIAM CHAPIN,
Principal of the Pennsylvania Institution for the Instruction of the Blind;

H. L. HALL,
Superintendent of the Pennsylvania Working Home for Blind Men.

The Closing Scene at Elberon.

MR. BLAINE, in closing his eloquent eulogy on President Garfield, drew the following vivid picture of the last hours of the patient sufferer; or we might better say, freshened every line and deepened every color of a picture that can never fade from the minds of the people of this generation:—"As the end drew near, his early craving for the sea returned. The stately mansion of power had been to him the wearisome hospital of pain, and he begged to be taken from its prison walls, from its oppressive, stifling air, from its homelessness, and hopelessness. Gently, silently, the love of a great nation bore the pale sufferer to the longed-for healing of the sea, to live or to die, as God should will, within sight of its heaving billows, within sound of its manifold voices. With wan, fevered face tenderly lifted to the cooling breeze, he looked out wistfully upon the ocean's changing wonders; on its fair sails, whitening in the morning light; on its restless waves, rolling shoreward to break and die beneath the noon-day sun; on the red clouds of evening, arching low to the horizon; on the serene and shining pathway of the stars. Let us think that his dying eyes read a mystic meaning which only the rapt and parting soul may know. Let us believe that in the silence of the receding world, he heard the great waves breaking on a further shore, and felt already upon his wasted brow the breath of the eternal morning."

A Singular Prayer.

THE following is given as the prayer of Rev. Geo. C. Miln, of Unity Unitarian Church, Chicago, at the opening of religious services a few Sundays ago. It is a curious production to be called a prayer, and worthy of preservation, but was not, probably, offered by the clergyman as anything more than an aspiration of the soul after a purer and higher life. As such, it is a model of chasteness and beauty, and might come warmly from the heart of every Christian man and woman. But what help to pure and noble

living can such a mere aspiration give, if he who breathes it has no belief, as is the case of Mr. Miln, in a personal God who can lift the soul into a higher region, and no belief in a future spiritual and eternal existence?

"We turn our feet from the common path of life into the seclusion of this sacred hour, made sacred to us by our own intentions. At least for a little while we bid farewell to the fret and worry of our daily life, to the burdens which we in silence carry, and to the trivial pleasures which do so much to dissipate our fine energies and purposes. We come here to find rest, to find light, to gain strength for the duties which are before us. We come here that by the planting of holy purposes we may grow stronger and nobler in all the ways of life. May the stillness of this moment breathe a sweet serenity into every heart. Looking backward, may we learn to regard with scorn all that has been unworthy of us—all pettiness, all littleness, all counselling with ignoble and time-serving motives. Looking forward, may our aspirations reach after the highest ideals for ourselves and for our fellows. May we be above despair, above hopelessness. May we look into the future with calmness and determination, prepared for its duties and for whatever of conflict may await us. And may our intercommunication lift us into a realm where we shall be emancipated from suspicion and misinterpretation of each other. We do not forget the poor. They are always with us. May men help the poor, the blind, the sick, and they who are beaten down by the trampling of many feet in all the ways of life. O, that our hearts may at least be full of sympathy and our hands always full of help for such! And may we look with yearning eyes for the coming of that day in which there shall be no pain, nor crying, nor weariness of heart! Amen."

Women's Silk Culture Exhibit.

SILK culture in the United States is as yet in its infancy. But enough has been accomplished in this direction to show that the new industry is an assured success. It is especially noteworthy as giving to women a pleasant and profitable employment in their own homes.

The Women's Silk Culture Association recently held a fair in St. George's Hall, Philadelphia, exhibiting the progress made in several years of existence. The hall was beautifully decorated with flags and flowers. The most attractive displays were fancy articles made from American silks.

Last year the firm of Strawbridge and Clothier of this city offered prizes of \$200, \$150, \$100, and \$50, for the four best specimen pounds of cocoons exhibited. In addition to which the Association's premiums were \$25, \$15, and \$10. These were awarded as follows:

First prize, to Mrs. Rebecca Taylor, Kennett Square, Chester Co., Pa. Mrs. Taylor is the mother of Bayard Taylor, and is 82 years old, and a great sufferer from paralysis. Second, Mrs. H. M. Button, Camden, N. J. Third, Charles Krauss, Egg Harbor City, N. J. Fourth, Miss Lillie Titus, Camden, N. J. Fifth (First Association prize), Mrs. Joseph Lennig, Bridesburg, Pa. Sixth, Miss Hannah Taylor, Cambridge, Burling-

ton Co., N. J. Seventh, Mrs. J. B. Kemmerer, Bethlehem, Pa.

Strawbridge and Clothier duplicate their offer of \$500 for premiums, for 1883, subject to such rules as may be adopted by the Association. A prize can be competed for by any one in the States of Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland, and New Jersey. Instructions for raising silk worms, and the rules governing the competition for premiums can be had by addressing the Women's Silk Culture Association, Philadelphia. Mrs. John Lucas is President.

An English Opinion of Oscar Wilde.

THE following is from the *London Citizen*: "The verdict passed upon Oscar Wilde by the Americans, that he is no fool, is not, on the face of it, complimentary, though it was meant to be so. It is certainly true. People may have their laugh, but Oscar is having not only a good time, but is making a good deal of money. His present expedition was undertaken at the suggestion of the shrewd head and kindly heart covered by the hat and waistcoat of Mr. George Lewis, of Ely Place. Oscar was in very low circumstances, beginning to suffer, with Mrs. Langtry, from the caprice of London society, which was getting tired of both. He discovered that man cannot live by lilies alone, and was, in short, faced by the grim and wholly inæsthetic necessity of earning his daily bread. Mr. Lewis thought that something could be done in America, and broached the matter to D'Oyly Carte, who took it up, with the cheerful results of which we get some inkling in the telegrams from the United States. In London, people laugh at Oscar, and certainly would not pay to see him. In America they laugh, but pay, and all is well."

Referring to the same individual, the London correspondent of the *Art Interchange* says:

"We are immensely amused at Mr. Oscar Wilde's reception in America, and find our faith in the common sense of our transatlantic friends much strengthened by hearing of the attitude they have assumed toward the apostle of æstheticism. Mr. Wilde was never anything here but a huge joke, and one played out long ago. To lecture in the country of Mark Twain and Bret Harte was to assume that the man had either information to give, or amusement to afford, of which we had doubts all along, now fully realized."

Literary and Personal.

LONGFELLOW bears his years well. He has passed through the trying winter season with fairly good health. He is not idle, resting on his oars. Whittier has written much this winter his friends say, and he has made frequent trips to Boston, appearing occasionally at a quiet dinner party, or at a reception. As for Holmes, he is as active, as full of work, and as cheery as ever; fresher than many a man of fifty who thinks himself in his prime.

WALT WHITMAN is preparing his prose writings for publication; they will form a companion volume to his poems. He is doing this work in what he calls his "lair," the little house in Camden.

Publishers' Department.

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2 Copies, "	3.50
3 " "	5.00
4 " "	6.00
8 " " and one to club-getter,	12.00

New subscribers for 1882 will receive free the November and December numbers of last year.

T. S. ARTHUR & SON,
227 S. Sixth Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

"It Has Made a New Man of Him."

SO writes the wife of the Rev. Dr. Staples, of New Canaan, Conn., in a communication to the *Methodist Protestant*, Baltimore, Md., which we copy below. Mrs. Staples says:

"My husband has for the last year and a half been afflicted with that troublesome disease, 'Malaria,' attended also with Catarrh, which was rapidly growing upon him. He was so feeble at the session of our last 'Conference,' that he thought a week or two previous he would not be able to attend. He commenced inhaling 'Compound Oxygen,' and put himself fully under the treatment at my earnest request, the week before 'Conference,' and it is astonishing to see its vitalizing effects. It was almost immediately manifest in an increase of appetite, which had been scarce sufficient to sustain him. He is gradually increasing in strength and vitality in fact it has made a new man of him."

"Will you please make a remark or two on this subject for the benefit of other sufferers who may be similarly afflicted? and oblige."

A Treatise on Compound Oxygen, containing a history of this remarkable substance and a large record of cases and cures, sent free, by Drs. Starkey & Palen, 1109 and 1111 Girard Street, Philadelphia.

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For the Cure of Consumption, Asthma, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Dyspepsia, Headache, Ozæna, Debility, and all Chronic and Nervous Disorders, by a Natural Process of Revitalization.

"BELIEVE THAT IT SAVED MY LIFE."

A lady in Passaic, N. J., wrote to us in October last, saying:

"Please send me one bottle of Compound Oxygen without delay. You sent me a two months' supply nearly two years ago, and I believe that it saved my life."

Turning to the record of her case, we find that it was submitted to us in March, 1880. The abstract made from her letters is as follows:

"Age 34—married. Severe cold in 1877, and bronchial trouble. After unusual excitement, have sudden paroxysms of coughing and raising blood. In 1878 entered on musical studies. October of that year old cough returned, completely unfitting me for work. In May, 1879, confined to bed. July 5th, prostrated with nervous exhaustion. July 21st, had slight hemorrhage—between that date and Aug. 11th had them frequently. Sept. 1st, attacked with chills and fever, cough never ceased. In three days chills left me and cough loosened. Overtaxed myself again, and in Oct. had eleven hemorrhages. Dr. D— said upper middle lobe right lung seriously diseased—pain there frequently. Sleepless, nervous, and mentally depressed—sometimes desperate. Not strong for twelve years. Martyr to neuralgia, especially around heart. Sinking spells and oppressed for breath."

This is the record of a very distressing, complicated, and difficult case. A treatment was sent as ordered, and what is accomplished for our patient is told in the brief extract, "I believe that it saved my life." She further adds:

"I find it a great preventative and regulator; and have helped to spread its fame."

CATARRHAL HEADACHE.

A lady in Elmira, N. Y., in ordering a Treatment, says:

"I shall be glad to receive it as soon as possible since the Fall season has at last brought its usual accompaniments of cold and influenza, and nothing else quite answers for the winter campaign in the place of 'Oxygen.' Owing to its benefits last year, I have passed an entire spring and summer free from my old life-long enemy, catarrhal headache, which I should have hardly believed possible without the experience. I have also been entirely free from rheumatism, from which I have suffered so much. Hence you will not wonder that this severe and painful cold sends me to you at once. I trust the remedy will come speedily to my relief. * * * I have been much better in every way last year, though I still have considerable nervous trouble, and now and then some pain and palpitation of the heart."

Our Treatise on Compound Oxygen is sent free of charge. It contains a history of the discovery, nature and action of this new remedy, and a record of many of the remarkable results which have so far attended its use.

Also sent free, "Health and Life," a quarterly record of cases and cures under the Compound Oxygen Treatment.

DEPOSITORY ON PACIFIC COAST.—H. E. Mathews, 606 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California, will fill orders for the Compound Oxygen Treatment on Pacific Coast.

DRS. STARKEY & PALEN,

G. E. STARKEY, A.M., M.D.
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1109 and 1111 Girard St. (Between Chestnut & Market), Phila., Pa.

"JUST ANOTHER PERSON; THAT IS ALL!"

These are the words with which a lady-patient in Bridgeport, Ind., closes her report at the end of six months' use of Compound Oxygen. When she began the treatment she had been confined to her room for three months. Was a great sufferer in many ways; and from neuralgia for some three years. Had no appetite; suffered from palpitation of the heart, backache, ulcerated sore-throat and pain in the lungs.

After using the Oxygen for six months, she says:

"I am now able to help about the work, and how thankful I am to you, I am not able to tell—have a splendid appetite—neuralgia all gone, and I am just another person; that is all."

Below we tell the story of this case in condensed extracts from the patient's letters. In the first extract her case, before treatment, is stated:

March 29, 1881. Age 22: "Catarrh for ten years. Throat in terrible condition. No appetite, and do not taste bread; but live on raw eggs and cream. For three years had neuralgia and congestion of lungs. Not been able to leave room since December. Have palpitation of the heart and backache. Constipation—cold hands; pain all through my lungs; smother a great deal. Have sores in my throat, size of half a pea." (Great sufferer from female troubles.)

Report after receiving Home Treatment:

April 27. "Once more free from congestion and neuralgia; also palpitation. Sleep better and can lie on left side, which I have not been able to do for years. Eyes brighter, and gaining strength. No appetite; constipation no better. Right side, back and below my lungs, hurt me very much, and left side hurts me below lungs."

May 21. "For first four days after commencing treatment I gained very fast, especially as to lung and heart troubles. Female troubles seem to grow worse, and hurt me all the time." (Suffering very severely.)

June 12. "Still suffering greatly at times. Appetite largely increased. Throat sore."

We did not hear again until more than three months had elapsed, when we received the following gratifying report:

"It is now almost three months since I reported to you; but, since I received my last treatment, I have improved too fast to be believed, could I tell. I am now able to help about the work, and how thankful I am to you, I am not able to tell you. My lungs are better than for three years. Heart trouble almost gone. A splendid appetite, and constipation, oh! so much better. My head scarcely ever troubles me; but my throat about the same. Neuralgia all gone, and I am just another person; that is all."